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THE PHILIPPINES

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[Frontispiece.]

Admiral Dewey, Commander of the American Fleet at the Naval Battle of Cavité, May 1, 1898.

THE PHILIPPINES

AND ROUND ABOUT

BY

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QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES

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"ON SHORT LEAVE TO JAPAN," "THE RELIEF OF CHITRAL"

"INDIAN FRONTIER WARFARE," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

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THE PHILIPPINES

AND ROUND ABOUT

CHAPTER I

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Division of the world between Spain and Portugal—Fierce conflict as to whether the Philippines belonged to the Eastern or Western Hemisphere—Discovery of the Straits of Magellan—The Philippines discovered in A.D. 1521—Return of explorers to Spain—Second and third attempts of Charles I. to found an Eastern Empire—In 1565 a fourth attempt made by his son Philip is successful—Two centuries of gradual consolidation—Capture of Manila by the British in 1762 and cession by Spain to that Power of the Philippines—The *Polverina*—By the peace of 1763 the islands are returned to Spain—The Spanish monument on the Pasco de Lucia—The humour of the Dons.

IN the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the commercial supremacy and sea-going enterprise of the world were divided between the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and so great was the rivalry and so fierce the strife regarding what are now known as spheres of influence, that the Pope, Alexander IV., by a papal bull promulgated in 1493 or 1494 decreed that the world should be divided into two hemispheres, the Western half to pertain to Spain and

the Eastern half to Portugal. The line of demarcation was to be the meridian of Cape Verd Island, which, with its corresponding meridian on the other side of the world, formed the necessary division. Thus handsomely provided for, each of the two Powers by the terms of the bull was entitled henceforth to discover and annex all heathen lands within their respective hemispheres. The decree was well meant and would no doubt have worked admirably had the far side of the world been as well known as it is at this day, but being then a little-visited region, a fierce controversy, interspersed with spasmodic fighting, arose between Spain and Portugal as to the exact position of the Moluccas and the group now known as the Philippine Islands, with reference to the line of demarcation.

The Spaniards, quite wrongly, as a glance at the chart of the world will show, maintained that these rich islands lay within the Western Hemisphere, and the endeavour to prove this fact led directly to the important discovery of what are now known as the Magellan Straits and the western route to the eastern seas. The discoverer of this new highway of the ocean was Hernando de Maghallanes, a Portuguese by birth, but who in later life became a naturalised Spaniard serving under the sovereignty of Charles I. The squadron of discovery, which was fitted out by the king and entrusted to the command of Maghallanes, consisted of five ships, varying in tonnage from 60 to 130 tons, and carrying crews of a total strength of 234 men. Losing two

of his ships, one by shipwreck and the other by mutiny and desertion, the celebrated explorer battled his way round the promontory now known as Cape Horn with the remaining three vessels, and on the 26th of November, 1520, sailed triumphantly into the Pacific Ocean. Four months later he reached the Ladrone Islands, and in the month of April, 1521, effected a landing on several of the islands of the group now known as the Philippines. Maghallanes was himself, however, unfortunately killed in a skirmish with the natives of Magtan Island on the 25th of April, 1521, and the remnants of his expedition after many losses and adventures struggled back to Spain by way of the Cape of Good Hope, reaching home in September, 1522.

The weather-worn explorers were received with great honour by Charles I., who, regardless of Portuguese protests, commenced preparing a new fleet to make good the discoveries of Maghallanes. This second fleet consisted of six ships, and its objective was the Moluccas, but on arrival it found these islands strongly held by the Portuguese, and no results were gained from a long series of engagements which ensued. The third and last effort of Charles I. to found an Eastern Empire was made in November, 1542, two Spanish ships and a galleon sailing from the Pacific coast of Mexico towards the islands which now first appear in history under the name of the Philippine Islands, so called after Philip, Prince of the Asturias, and son and successor of Charles I., but the expedition

again ended in failure. It was reserved for Philip to consummate the ambition of his father, and in 1565 we find that a fourth expedition has at last been successful in establishing a somewhat precarious hold on the islands. In 1570 the Spanish power in these regions became more consolidated, and Manila was established as the capital of the archipelago.

During the next two centuries Spain gradually strengthened her hold on the islands, disturbed only from time to time by minor conflicts with the Portuguese and Dutch, and by such internal troubles as are inseparable from the establishment of a foreign sovereignty. It was reserved for the British, in 1762, under the leadership of Draper and Cornish, to make the first formidable descent on the islands. England was at this time at war with both France and Spain, and it was at the initiative of Colonel Draper that a blow was aimed at the Spanish Indies. This officer, whilst travelling for the sake of his health before the war broke out, had visited Manila, and afterwards proceeding to England, pointed out to the Ministry the wealth and value of the Philippine Islands, putting forward proposals for their capture, in the event of war, by a combined naval and military force based on India. Colonel Draper's proposals, after some hesitation, were accepted, and it was arranged that the expedition should be timed to reach Manila before news of the declaration of war then pending could reach so distant a port.

The expedition accordingly sailed from Madras



The Polverina, showing the Effects of the British Projectiles in 1762, and of the American Shells in 1898. [To face page 5.]

on August 1st, 1762, convoyed by a squadron consisting of 8 ships of the line and 3 frigates under Vice-Admiral Cornish. The military force consisted of 450 men of the 79th (Draper's Regiment); 60 men of the Royal Artillery, and 30 men of the Madras Artillery; 200 deserters of all nations, but chiefly French; a company of Coffrees, and 1 of Topasses, each 80 strong; 60 European pioneers; 650 Madras sepoy; and lastly, some 60 Europeans in the service of the Nawab of the Carnatic. A total of 1,670 of all ranks under the command of Colonel Draper, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The expedition reached Manila Bay on September 23rd, much to the surprise of the Spaniards, who were not aware that war had been declared between England and Spain, and a landing was effected on the shores of the bay, about two miles south of the town, and near the spot where the American troops landed 136 years later. The bay of Manila is so large that a strong wind from the west or south-west can raise a sea heavy enough to seriously retard landing operations. Draper consequently lost an officer and a few men from drowning, but fortunately no armed resistance was offered.

Close to the point of landing stood, and stands to this day, a small, square, masonry fort called the *Polverina* or Powder Magazine, and this useful *point d'appui* Draper proceeded to seize. On the walls of the *Polverina* may still be seen the marks of the British cannon balls and British bullets making indentations up to six inches in depth,

but apparently not impairing the defensive strength of the fort. In juxtaposition to these old marks may now be seen the effects of modern fire, where the shells from Admiral Dewey's fleet pierced these same ancient walls. In addition to the Polverina, Draper seized the Hermita, a large and commodious church half a mile from the walls of the fortified town, which building has now apparently disappeared. After a short siege of seven days the British troops took the fortified town and citadel by assault, though in strength the Spaniards outnumbered them by four to one, losing, however, 149 officers and men killed and wounded. The total Spanish loss may be estimated at 900 killed and wounded.

The capitulation was signed on October 6th, 1762, and by its terms the whole of the Philippine Islands, as well as the capital, were ceded to the British Crown. In addition, Draper demanded a war indemnity of \$4,000,000, as a set-off against giving up the town to pillage. Only \$1,000,000 of the sum was paid, and the remaining \$3,000,000 is still an outstanding claim against the Spanish Government. In July, 1763, news reached the British Commander of the Peace of Paris, signed on February 10th, 1763, whereby not only the Philippines but also Cuba were ceded back to Spain, so little did the Government of George III. appreciate the commercial value of these rich possessions. The Spaniards, however, on a point of etiquette, refused to accept



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Column commemorating the Expulsion of the British from Manila in 1762.

the information regarding the peace furnished by the British until confirmed by direct advices from Spain; this attitude but thinly giving countenance to a formidable Spanish rising against the British occupation, which, under Simon Anda, was making some head, and the object of which was to recover possession of the islands. Desultory fighting, therefore, went on, and it was not till the spring of 1764 that the Spanish leaders received a copy of the Peace of Paris from Madrid, and agreed to the peaceful cession of the islands.

At the northern end of the Pasco de Lucia, one of the fashionable promenades of Manila, and in full view of every ship which passes up the river, there still stands a stately obelisk, which commemorates in pompous periods the expulsion of the British by the gallant Spaniards under Simon Anda! The American soldiers, whilst thoroughly appreciating the exquisite humour of the Dons, were much inclined to topple this record of an historical fiction into the river, but perhaps the monument might best be left standing with an additional inscription describing the capture of the islands by the British in 1762, and the final expulsion of the Spaniards in 1898.

From 1764 onwards the history of the Philippines offers no points of particular interest to outside nations until the year 1896 is reached, a year which marked the beginning of the end of Spanish rule, and which brought to the front a leader of men capable of great undertakings. That leader was

Aguinaldo the Philippine, and with his name is so intimately entwined the history of the revolutionary movement, that in describing the career of this remarkable man we shall bring the narrative of events up to the present day.

CHAPTER II

AGUINALDO

The insurgent leader — His birth and early years — The tool of Destiny — Open rebellion — The grievances of the people — Systematic extortion by Spanish officials both high and low — The Governor-General's lady makes a separate fortune — Unequal taxation — The rights of conquest — Interference of the priests — Their low morality and disgraceful doings — Martial law proclaimed — The Black Hole of Manila — Fifty-four found dead in the morning — Executions on the Luneta, with bands playing and ladies promenading — Fierce reprisals made by the insurgents — Torture of the priests — Faulty organisation of Spanish troops — Bad leading — A suicidal encounter — Spanish troops augmented to 11,000 — Spanish newspaper victories — Polavieja recalled and replaced by Primo de Rivera — An apostle of the silver peace — The insurgent leaders bought over for \$800,000 — The Governor-General's share of the plunder — Heavy ransoms — Rivera departs smiling, and the insurrection again breaks out — A profitable investment — Augustin resorts to a reign of terror — Wholesale executions — Declaration of war by America — Arrival of Admiral Dewey and battle of Cavité — Aguinaldo appears again on the scene — \$25,000 for his capture, dead or alive — Native troops waver — Aguinaldo the Dictator — Manila surrounded and Spaniards driven back — A battle in a typhoon — Admiral Dewey's wise diplomacy — An Englishman's house used as an outpost — Governor-General proposes surrender — Resigns his position and is superseded — The independence of the Philippines proclaimed by Aguinaldo — The disaster to General Monet's column — Spanish honour — Continued desertions — Arrival of American troops and capture of Manila — Aguinaldo retires to Malolos and sets up a Republican Government.

PERHAPS one of the most striking personalities which has appeared upon the stage of the Philippine drama

during the recent troubles is that of Aguinaldo, hitherto generally known as the insurgent leader, and now self-proclaimed first President of the Philippine Republic. Born nine-and-twenty years ago, a pure Philippine native on both sides, he appears to have received the ordinary upbringing and education of a nation which is much below the Japanese or even the Chinese in natural ability and intelligence, and which may more nearly find its prototype in the Malay tribes of the Peninsula and of Borneo, or with the subjects of the King of Siam. It is, however, not altogether unnatural to find lack of progress amongst a people who for three and a half centuries have groaned under the yoke of a foreign power, especially when that power is the effete and decayed remnant of what in bygone centuries was a great and progressive nation.

Amidst such surroundings, and brought up under the unwholesome shadow of such unpromising national traditions, it would not be reasonable to expect the same high attributes to adorn the character of a national deliverer as illumine the historic figures of a Cromwell, of a Washington, or of a Napoleon. Nevertheless, without birth, position, or wealth, without even the advantages of quick intelligence, in complete ignorance of the lessons to be learnt from the history of the outside world, the tool of Destiny was equal to the task set before him. Within three years from the time when the boy-deliverer first appeared on the horizon of Philippine politics, the hated yoke of the Spaniards

had for ever been cast off, and a new and enlightened era gave promise of dawning on the eight millions of people who inhabit the thousand islands of the Philippine Archipelago.

Of Aguinaldo's childhood and early youth little is known, and that little appears to have been of no historic importance, but in the year 1896, when only twenty-seven years of age, he came prominently to the front in connection with the latest and most formidable rebellion which the natives of the Philippines have raised against the Spanish sovereignty. This rebellion was only the crowning effort, the outcome of a score of insurrectionary movements which have been stirring beneath the surface, and occasionally giving signs of life during the whole of the past century. The grievances of the natives were however now clearly tabulated and placed before the Spanish authorities. They were:—

(1) The habitual extortion practised by the Spanish officials, and especially so in outlying districts.

(2) Excessive and unequal taxation and an unjust mode of levying it.

(3) Extortion and interference in the affairs of the State by the priests.

It requires but a passing knowledge of the history of Spanish supremacy in these islands to arrive, however reluctantly, at the conclusion that there were substantial grounds for the grievances thus publicly preferred. The barefaced extortion resorted to by Spanish officials, not only in the

outlying districts, but in the very heart of the Spanish capital and the Spanish palace, are, if we can believe impartial witnesses, almost sublime in their mediæval iniquity. Bribery, corruption, and the exercise of undue influence whose end was extortion were the shameful gems which enriched the diadem, not of one Captain-General, but with few exceptions of each successive Vice-Regent. With corruption at the head it would be strange indeed to find anything but corruption in the heart and in the body. Thus when the head of the State habitually accumulated as large a fortune as possible during his term of office, whilst his wife, if an enterprising lady, made a separate and perhaps smaller fortune of her own initiative, it would be opposed to human nature if each official in every grade down to the lowest did not follow the august example and make what profit he could each in his degree. And this unholy traffic, be it observed, was carried on not only at the expense of the Philippine islanders, but also at that of the Chinese traders, at that of merchants of all weak nations, and even with cheerful inconsequence at that of their own soldiers and sailors.

That the taxation was excessive and unequal may be taken as an *ex parte* statement made by a subject nation against its masters. Right of conquest may with some justice be held to give privileges and exemptions to the conqueror which need not necessarily be extended to the vanquished. It is not every nation which in a spirit of ultra equality taxes

its own people as high, if not higher, than the subject race, as does the British Government in India. Here the burden of taxation falls on the British officer and the British official, who are not only taxed heavily on the income which her Majesty gives with one hand, and which her Majesty's Government takes with the other, but are mulcted to the extent of five per cent. on every article of clothing, of general utility, or of food which are of necessity imported from the mother country. Allowing, therefore, that all nations are not equally celestially minded in the matter of equal taxation, and allowing also that right of conquest confers certain privileges, we may perhaps set aside the insurgents' grievance anent unequal taxation. At the same time, the name of the Spaniard in these parts having become synonymous with epithets suggestive of rapacity and unfair dealing, it would be asking too much of the intelligent observer to believe that in the matter of the collection of taxes alone he had a clean heart and a clean conscience. On the contrary, we may with some certainty conclude that his hand, heart, and conscience were quite as unclean in fiscal matters as in any other.

The interference of the priests in the affairs of the State and the extortion practised by them on the people are, it is estimated by those well qualified to judge, the main causes for the revolts which have followed one another with growing insistence during the past few generations. There are noble exceptions, and amongst these a unanimous and

genuine sentiment in favour of the Jesuits exists; but taken as a whole it would be impossible to speak with too great severity of the disrepute into which the action of these dissolute men has brought the Roman Catholic religion in these islands. A man of God on whom rests the most solemn vows of holiness, chastity, and poverty, living amongst a simple and impressionable race a monster of iniquity, an extensive landowner, nursing his ill-gotten wealth, a monument of lechery and debauch. Let us hasten to add that the Philippine himself is far from being morally immaculate. The priest may take his daughter or his sister and welcome, for the offspring will be a person of such added importance as European blood never fails to give in Eastern countries. But the islander draws the line firmly at his wife and equally firmly at his prospective bride, and it is from wanton straying into these forbidden pastures that the good shepherd has been mainly instrumental in bringing his country into trouble. So aggressive indeed had the priests become that cases were actually known where the priest had refused at the altar to marry a couple, having himself there, in that holy place, cast lecherous eyes on the would-be bride and determined to reserve her for his own base desires. Stories about the priests are so numerous and so well authenticated that it is impossible for any impartial person not to acknowledge that the islanders had just and substantial grounds for including a sweeping indictment of the whole class amongst the main



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Aguinaldo in Hiding from the Spanish Troops, 1896.

grievances which they had against the Spanish suzerainty.

The Filipinos, as they are called, having failed to secure any amelioration of their lot by negotiation, took to arms, with Aguinaldo as their acknowledged leader, and the Spaniards responded by proclaiming martial law on August 30th, 1896. The proclamation was promptly followed by the first act in the drama, the Spaniards seizing 169 insurgents, who were suspected of disaffection, and casting them into a small dungeon which lies below water level in the bastion of San Sebastian, the dungeon having only one air hole, which the sentry outside firmly closed to keep out the rain! Into this confined space, in the month of August, on one of the hottest nights of the year, these 169 poor victims were thrust at the bayonet's point. Ventilation or communication with the open air there is none, and it is perhaps a matter of wonder that only fifty-four of the prisoners were found dead in the morning. The remainder were led out and shot on the Luneta, the fashionable promenade on the shores of Manila Bay. On September 12th of the same year thirteen more prominent suspects were publicly shot on the Luneta, in the presence of Spanish ladies, whilst the band played lively airs and whilst the photographer was busy with his camera. I have secured one of these photographs, which sufficiently demonstrates the accuracy of the above statement. Amongst the prisoners were two gaol officials, a chemist, two or three rich landed pro-

prietors, a tailor, a schoolmaster, a doctor, and a merchant. The prisoners stood in a row on the curbstone facing the sea, with their arms and legs bound, and were shot down by squads of soldiers from behind.

It was only natural that a war begun with such barbarity by the one side led to reprisals of equal ferocity on the part of the other, that small detachments of Spaniards when caught were ruthlessly murdered without hope of quarter, and that the more iniquitous of the priests were put to nameless tortures before being delivered by death.

In the month of October, 1896, the Spanish troops numbered 3,000, exclusive of native auxiliary troops, but they were badly equipped and entirely lacking in departmental organisation. The soldiers, mostly of poor physique, had each a rifle, it is true, and a cartridge pouch, but this latter was generally empty. An eye-witness who watched the departure of the Spanish troops destined to attack and drive the insurgents out of Cavité mentions—that the Medical Department consisted of one doctor with a small medicine chest, whilst the Commissariat Department was also represented by one officer only, arrayed however in a resplendent uniform, and by two natives with a couple of old iron pots! Not only were the men badly equipped and badly cared for, but in many cases badly led. Thus during this same month some Spanish troops who were marching towards Imus, a village occupied by the insurgents, came unexpectedly across a body of hostile troops.



Execution of Insurgent Leaders by the Spaniards on the Luneta, the Public Promenade. *[To face page 16.]*

Anxious to display his tactical skill, and without waiting to reconnoitre or find out more about his opponents and their position, the Spanish commander immediately divided his force into two bodies, and directed one to make a wide turning movement whilst the other advanced to a direct attack. But in the long interval which elapsed during the execution of this manœuvre, the enemy, who could watch the whole proceedings at their leisure, quietly evacuated the position, moving to the unobserved flank. At the prescribed moment both of the Spanish columns advanced to the attack, and meeting each other on the evacuated position fell to with great fury and with mutual loss, each taking the other for the enemy.

At the end of October, 1896, the Spanish troops had been increased up to 5,000, and in December of that year the Captain-General, Polavieja, had as many as 11,000 Spanish regulars under his command. The war nevertheless languished on; and though the Spanish papers were certainly full of Spanish victories, yet Aguinaldo and his men cheerfully kept the field, under the impression that something more than newspaper paragraphs are required to make a victory or suppress an insurrection. Thus matters went on till April, 1897, when Polavieja, who had signally failed to put down the rising by force of arms, was replaced by General Primo de Rivera, who came out as the apostle of the peace that is to be purchased with much silver. The Archbishop of

Manila, Polavieja's right-hand man, and a man of sword and fire, was also recalled and the new policy was inaugurated. The very effeteness of a nation which, assuming to rank as a power in Europe, has thus to resort to the expedients of the weak before a few thousand undisciplined, badly armed, and untrained peasants, is sufficiently striking: still more instructive is the *dénouement* of this knock-kneed policy.

On Christmas Day, 1897, Primo de Rivera, old "first on the river," as the subaltern irreverently calls him, telegraphed to Madrid: "With great pleasure I have to communicate to you that the principal leaders of the insurrection have laid down their arms and cheered three times for Spain, the King, and peace." An exceedingly pleasant Christmas greeting for Spain and the King; but the peace was a costly one, for Spain paid the Captain-General \$2,000,000 to buy off Aguinaldo and other influential men. The distribution of this sum reads like a fairy tale. \$800,000 went to Aguinaldo and his immediate followers, with the proviso that they were to shift their residence to Hong Kong; \$400,000 went to lesser insurgents and to deserving Spanish officials, and the balance of about \$800,000, by common report, went into Primo de Rivera's own pocket. The Christmas of 1897 found therefore several very happy people, not the least happy of whom must have been the insurgent leader Aguinaldo and the Captain-General, Primo de Rivera. On the other



Insurgent Troops going into Action.

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hand the day was one of lamentation for less fortunate beings; thus, Lim Hap, a half-caste, was mulcted in the sum of \$25,000 to gain his release from prison. Dr. Pedro Roxas paid no less than \$100,000 to be allowed to leave the country, and men named Luis Yanco and Chuidan \$50,000 and \$40,000 respectively to gain release.

His mission successfully accomplished the benevolent Vice-Regent made his smiling way to Spain, and directly his back was turned the insurrection broke out again with renewed vigour, for even the least patriotic is open to the commercial advantages to be derived from insurrectionary operations which could bring in such handsome dividends. But the pendulum had now swung back, and the new Captain-General, Basilio Augustin Davila, generally known as Augustin *tout court*, preferred the old methods, which sought to strike terror by implacable cruelty and indiscriminate slaughter. On the information of a priest, who acted as a police spy, a descent was made on the night of March 25th, 1898, on a house where 150 persons were surprised holding a meeting. These persons were unarmed, and may or may not have been conspirators, for though undoubtedly some were dangerous persons, equally undoubtedly idle curiosity accounted for the presence of others. Be that as it may, the soldiers killed as many as they conveniently could, and the remainder were shot next morning.

But the cup of Spanish iniquity was now full, and

Nemesis, which for more than a century had stayed her hand, fell from the most unlooked for and most astounding quarter. Scarce had the victims of the butchery of March 25th grown cold in their graves when war was declared by the United States of America against the king and people of Spain. The declaration of war had, curiously enough, no connection with Philippine affairs, and possibly not a dozen men in the United States had the remotest knowledge of or interest in these islands. The blow came at this, for the Filipinos, eminently suitable moment as a mere coincidence, a side wash from the main question of Cuban autonomy. Be that as it may, on May 1st Admiral Dewey entered Manila Bay, entirely destroyed the Spanish fleet, and laid the capital at his mercy, as is duly set forth in that portion of this book which is devoted to a description of the naval battle of Cavité. And with Admiral Dewey, as a passenger on one of his ships, and as the ally of America, appeared again on the scene of his former exploits Aguinaldo the insurgent leader.

Admiral Dewey, it will be remembered, was unable to follow up immediately the effects of his victory at Cavité owing to lack of troops for land operations; he was not, however, idle, and as a preliminary step landed Aguinaldo with directions to organise and prepare the insurgent forces so as to be ready to co-operate in the siege of Manila with the American troops when they arrived.



Spanish Soldiers leading a Prisoner to Execution.



Spanish Troops at Close Quarters with the Insurgents; a Falling Enemy may be seen through the Smoke.
(To face page 21.)
(From a Photograph taken on the Spot, by an English Telegraph Clerk.)

The Spaniards responded by putting a price on Aguinaldo's head, and offered a reward of \$25,000 to any one who brought him in dead or alive. The native troops in Spanish pay who formed a portion of their colonial army had hitherto remained staunch in the face of great temptation, but they now began to waver in their allegiance, and not only did individual cases of desertion occur, but on May 30th a whole regiment went over to the insurgents after first massacring their Spanish officers and completely wiping out a company of Spanish infantry sent to intercept them. At this date Aguinaldo's troops practically surrounded Manila by land, whilst Admiral Dewey held the sea, and the insurgent leader took the opportunity to issue a proclamation to his fellow-countrymen advocating the establishment of a native administration under American protection. He suggested that he himself, with an advisory council, should be nominated Dictator until the work of driving out the Spaniards had been completed, after which it was proposed to establish a Republican Assembly. As demonstrating the extremely crude notions and entire lack of knowledge of the outside world which existed, it is interesting to note that Aguinaldo had apparently no idea what the word "protection" signified, his impression being that the protecting party would retire to their own country, and there keep up a special naval and military force to fight the battles of the Philippine Islanders should they

get into trouble with other nations, whilst the protected party would start an administration of its own, and work the islands for its own exclusive benefit. It would indeed be an early instalment of the millennium if protection on these terms could be secured by those who require it. Further, in conversation Aguinaldo professed his complete ignorance of the terms on which the English exercise jurisdiction over the protected states of the Malay Peninsula, and of how a dependency like India is governed, and capped his ignorance of the outside world by asking whether Australia was an island, and whether it belonged to America. The insurgent leaders were indeed mere boys without knowledge and with only local experience, which very disabilities make their final success all the more remarkable.

Following his proclamation with concerted action, Aguinaldo on May 31st drove in the Spanish posts all along the line of defence round Manila. The battle lasted seventy hours, despite a furious typhoon which was raging, and 1,000 Spanish troops were reported to have been killed. It appears that the continuous and heavy rain injured the rifles and ammunition of both sides, whereupon the insurgents took to their bolie knives, and in hand to hand conflict drove back the Spaniards. There is little doubt that the insurgents could have followed up this success by bursting into Manila and capturing the place out of hand. But here Admiral Dewey, on the score of humanity, firmly intervened and



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Spanish Troops defending a House.
(From a Photograph taken during Action, by an English Telegraph Clerk.)

persuaded Aguinaldo to stay his hand until the American troops arrived. By his action the Admiral not only saved the lives of several thousand people, for a ruthless and indiscriminate slaughter of all Spaniards would most certainly have been the sequel, but he solved in advance an exceedingly delicate problem which might have arisen if the American troops on arrival had found the city already in the hands of the insurgents and the reins of government assumed by them. Under such circumstances the American troops might well have appeared to the inflated heads of young and successful men as intruders rather than as allies, and strained relations, if not open conflict, might have introduced an additional and serious problem in connection with the future administration of the islands.

On June 5th the insurgents were reported to have penetrated into the suburbs of Manila, but if so they were only detached parties, and the compact with Dewey was conscientiously kept, Aguinaldo's troops completely surrounding the city and facing the chain of Spanish outposts at close range. Desultory fighting, mostly by night and unaccompanied by serious loss on either side, was kept up between the opposing outposts for the best part of three months, and Mr. Alliston, an Englishman whose private residence was held by a Spanish picquet, has many interesting and stirring recollections of that period. Having sent his wife and family out of the

country, Mr. Alliston determined to remain and protect by his presence his home and household gods from the pillage and destruction generally inseparable from war. First and last some forty bullets entered the house and may be seen pitted about it; one hit the leg of the Englishman's bed whilst he was asleep, and another catching the thick base of an overturned tumbler converted it into a bomb which scattered throughout the room with a terrific clatter, but happily without doing serious damage. On specially bad nights Mr. Alliston came to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle, and that he would clear out and leave his house to its fate; then would come a night or two of respite, and his former determination to see the adventure out would return, and so finally he remained at his post from the first day of the siege to the last, his only protection a couple of bags of flour placed at his bed head towards the insurgent lines. The firing of both Spaniards and insurgents appears to have been very bad, for after hours of firing and an immense expenditure of ammunition, it was rare to find that more than one or two while sometimes no one on either side had been hit, and this frequently at ranges of 400 yards and under.

When the rumour got abroad, on June 5th, that the insurgents had forced their way into the suburbs, those inhabitants who had anything to fear from them flocked into the old walled city which stands with its back to the bay, and though of antiquated



Insurgent Troops in the Trenches.

(From a Photograph taken during an Action, by an English Telegraph Clerk.)

design and construction, would form a formidable obstacle to a force unequipped with heavy guns. These heavy guns the American fleet could bring into action from the sea to cover a direct infantry assault by land. Augustin, the Spanish Governor, considering therefore his position untenable, assembled a Council of War and proposed capitulation. After a stormy meeting the proposal was furiously negatived, whereupon Augustin tendered his resignation and was succeeded by his deputy.

On June 8th Aguinaldo telegraphed to Singapore as follows: "We have taken all the Cavité Province and several towns in Batangas Province; captured 10 guns, 600 rifles, 1,200 Spanish Spaniards and 800 Philippine Spaniards, and killed 300. We are besieging Cavité Viego Church. There are 300 Spaniards inside who must surrender soon. We hear that the Governor-General proposes to capitulate." And on June 12th Aguinaldo issued another proclamation announcing the independence of the Philippine Islands, and declaring that autonomy would be obtained under American protection on the model of a British protectorate.

Meanwhile the beleaguered Spaniards in Manila had been hoping against hope that succour would arrive from the north of Manila, where General Monet still had 3,000 mixed troops under his command. But this last hope was dashed to the ground by the imbecility of the General in command, who apparently walked blindly into an

ambuscade, whereupon his native troops went over bodily to the enemy, whilst the 500 surviving Spaniards were taken prisoners. This affair has much the appearance of a preconcerted arrangement whereby that extraordinary and utterly contemptible article called "Spanish honour" might be saved. Anyway, General Monet, who was announced as having been killed in the affair, was reported afterwards to have been seen in Manila, having effected his escape disguised as a woman. The story, whether true or not, gave the humourists a handle whereon to hang many useful remarks about Spanish honour.

Desultory fighting still went on in the provinces, where detachments of mixed troops here and there yet held their own. But the native troops were becoming more and more shaky in their allegiance, and at Zapíte, and again at Marabon, whole regiments went over to the insurgents during the course of an action, after murdering their officers. The Spanish soldiers fought with the energy of despair, but they were hopelessly incompetent and shamefully underfed. Many had never had any target practice in their lives; whole companies might be found who had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and some of the soldiers might be seen literally weeping from feebleness. It was indeed a pitiable sight. Meanwhile scores of plump well-fed Spanish officers were daily to be found loafing about in the beershops, cafés, and boulevards engaged in



Spanish Infantry Skirmishing.
(From a Photograph taken during Action, by an English Telegraph Clerk.)

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the apparently genial task of caring for the inner man and abusing the English nation. Though why the English nation it is somewhat difficult to understand, unless perhaps the Spaniards had been disappointed in the fond hope that England would again stand in the threatened gate and again free Spain from the effects of her own folly and culpable weakness, as she had already once done in the Peninsular War.

Thus the campaign dragged on until the American troops arrived and successfully effected their landing on the shore of Manila Bay. This operation was concluded by the end of the month of July, and after the necessary preparations had been made Manila was summoned to surrender by the combined American naval and military forces and the Philippine troops; and at the conclusion of the operations of August 13th, which are elsewhere described, the Spanish flag was lowered, and the dream of Aguinaldo was by an extraordinary concomity of circumstances within measurable distance of being fulfilled. The difficulty was to prevent the insurgents from at once reaping the reward of their labours in bloodshed and rapine, but the danger was with considerable skill and diplomacy warded off by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, the American commanders, who arranged that the Filipino troops should remain outside the defences. Aguinaldo, therefore, retired to Malolos, about twenty-five miles to the northward, leaving his troops entrenched

round Manila, and there with considerable pomp and ceremony on September 29th, 1898, he was declared First President of the Philippine Republic, and the National Congress was opened with Pedro Paterno as President of that assembly. Thus much for the past history of Aguinaldo ; later, it may not be void of interest to give a brief account of a visit which I was privileged to make at this period to the new President.

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CHAPTER III

SINGAPORE TO ILOILO

We sail in a Spanish ship — The domain of the six senoras — Suspected of carrying contraband of war — A police search — On the moral eminence of Cæsar's wife — The spirit of the dream changes — We are no longer Americanos but Inglis — Spanish fare on board — Our daily life — Some savoury dishes — Coasting along Borneo and Paraguay — Across the Sulu Sea — A question of typhoons — The healthy unreserve of Omar Khayyam — On the sad subject of tips — To buy a church and praise the British nation.

OUR friends in Singapore were much opposed to our entrusting ourselves to the tender mercies of the Spaniards, and advised us not to take passage by a Spanish steamer to the Philippines. The Spaniards, they said, were in an ugly mood after the severe handling they had and were experiencing at the hands of the Americans, and Britishers being taken for Americans might suffer from the studied impoliteness of one of the politest nations. But partly because our time was limited and a Spanish ship was the first to sail, and partly because we wanted to get into touch with Philippine thoughts and politics as soon as possible, we decided to brave the disagreeable, and took passage by the

small Spanish ship, the *Uranus*, for Iloilo and Manila.

We made an expedition down to the dry dock at Singapore, where the *Uranus* lay undergoing repairs, and inspected our future quarters. The ship was small, of 873 registered tonnage only, but very fairly well fitted up, and reputed to be fast. A rough-and-ready-looking knot of Europeans were at the gangway, from one of whom we inquired for the first officer. The gentleman addressed at once pointed out one of the party as the object of our search, and we afterwards discovered that the rest were the captain and other officers of the ship. An inspection of the saloon and state-rooms demonstrated the fact that whereas most of the cabins were of about the size and general structural pattern of the ordinary dog-box of railway traffic, there was one capacious cabin calculated to hold six *senoras* of the largest dimensions. We, therefore, struck a bargain with *el capitán* that we would take passage only on the understanding that we should endeavour to fill, however unworthily, the space allotted to the six *senoras*. After a vast amount of gesticulation and shrugging of shoulders, not unaccompanied by the metaphorical clinking of dollars, an agreement was entered upon, and we left on the understanding that the date of sailing was to be communicated to us later.

Calling at Messrs. Boustead's office next morning, Mr. Waddell, the head of the firm, whose courtesy

and kindness has left us under the greatest obligations, informed us that a Spanish armed cruiser had suddenly appeared in port, bound, it was stated, for the Philippines, and that no doubt we could arrange passage by her if so disposed. The cruiser was a fine new ship recently bought from the British India Steam Navigation Company, and rechristened the *Buenos Ayres*. Acting on Mr. Waddell's advice, we drove down to the dock to reconnoitre this engine of war, and found her a fine passenger ship of some 6000 tons burden, and armed with four fairly formidable-looking guns. Without being unduly inquisitive, it was difficult to exactly estimate their calibre, but though the matter is not now of the least importance, I should say they were 4-inch quick-firing guns. Passages were offered us on her as far as Iloilo at the rate of \$85 a ticket, or about 40 per cent. over peace rates. We had very nearly decided to go by her when we noticed in the local evening paper that this ship was suspected of carrying arms to the Philippines against the terms of the convention, and would, therefore, be detained by the British authorities and searched. As this probably meant detention at this end for one thing, and possibly unwelcome attentions from American warships at the other, we gave up the *Buenos Ayres* and returned to our first love, the *Uranus*. This admirable discretion on our part did not, however, meet with its reward, for the *Buenos Ayres* slipped off at dawn, and the whole weight of official

suspicion fell on our craft instead. Consequently the ship was unloaded from stem to stern, and closely searched by the police authorities for concealed arms, the search occupying nearly the whole day, a tedious and trying job for all concerned. Whiling away half an hour with Colonel Pennyfather, late of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and now Inspector-General of Police at Singapore, he told me that our old friend, the Acheen War, which is just about to celebrate its silver wedding, so to speak, has during its 25 years' course produced an exceeding astute type of smuggler in arms and munitions of war. *Per contra*, I imagine the Singapore police have become equally astute at detecting the same, and, therefore, when Colonel Pennyfather's men failed to find anything contraband on the *Uranus*, I think we may safely conclude that she left port, on this occasion at least, on the same moral eminence as Cæsar's wife.

Directly we got to sea, quite an astonishing change came over the bearing of the ship's officers towards us, and I fully retract any unfavourable impressions which previously existed. Doubtless we had up to now been mistaken for Americans, and the most noble-hearted cannot view with fervent affection even peaceful travellers of a hostile nation. As soon, however, as it was clear that we were not Americano spies, but pure-born Inglis people, the spirit of the dream entirely changed, and we were treated with the utmost civility, and every endeavour

used to make us as comfortable as possible. Sanitary science on most foreign ships is in an elementary stage, and therefore we only fought our way down to the usurped domain of the six senoras to hastily dress or undress as the case might be, and for the rest lived and moved and had our being on deck.

Mr. Waddell had warned us not to be too sanguine about the food on a Spanish ship, and especially on a small Spanish ship, but in this respect we were very agreeably surprised. Indeed some dishes were so excellent that with the gracious consent of the major domo we secured the recipes, and if any kind reader of this book who has lurking doubts on the subject will kindly step into lunch at the Guides' Mess when I return, his doubts shall be set at rest.

Some people are fond of trivial gossip and some are not, but as this chapter is chiefly trivial, and as there is plenty of solid matter for the beefeaters elsewhere in this enticing tale, I may perhaps be allowed to describe the way we live on a Spanish ship. At dawn, of course, the inevitable swabbing of the decks commences, but whereas on a British ship this sacred rite occupies at the outside an hour or so, on the *Uranus* it occupied varied periods extending from half an hour on the least inspired day to six hours on what must have been the very holy of holies. However, as our beds were safely perched on the skylight out of harm's way, we

soon learnt to snooze comfortably through the whole operation, with the soothing feeling that the crew was being kept out of mischief, and on the fair way towards earning a day's pay. At 10 A.M., with a bottle of eucalyptus in one hand, a scent bottle in the other, and surrounded by a soft rainfall of Little's Soluble Phenyle, we dashed into the senoras' bower — our bower — washed and dressed as only those who are habitually late for parade know how to, and then burst again on deck much as a boy who has been searching for eggs for sixty seconds at the bottom of a swimming bath shoots to the surface. *Déjeuner à la fourchette* is served on deck at 10.30 A.M., and is a very substantial meal, and rightly so, for it has to sustain us till dinner-time. The courses come in a somewhat different order to those at a French *déjeuner* or English lunch. Thus we begin with omelettes or other egg-made dishes, next come two courses of meat generally in the form of hashes and pillaus, then fish, and as a *coup de grâce* an exceedingly solid beefsteak, winding up with slight kick-shaws in the shape of cheese and fruit. The wine, which is served gratis, is a red wine of good quality, but remarkably strong. My first morning, being somewhat thirsty, I drank a good deal of it, and as a result slept peacefully till dinner-time, when I woke with a mouth like an ashpit and a head like a volcano, and in a frame of mind quite incompatible with singing Watts's hymns. Dinner is served at 5.30 — infamous hour! — and is an exact replica of

breakfast with a basin of soup thrown in. My old enemy, the rich red wine, was there also, but I watched him carefully this time, and noticing that the Spaniards only sipped the wine, and then immediately chased it down with half a tumbler of water, I did likewise, and am therefore alive to tell the tale. The cooking was not at all oily or greasy; on the contrary very clean and savoury, but I imagine the chef had not a very varied assortment of dishes in his *répertoire*. Picquet, at which I lost a large fortune, and reading books about the Philippines filled up the rest of our days.

The voyage from Singapore to Iloilo, a trading centre on the coast of Pana Island, of the Philippine group, occupies about five days, the course usually taken heading straight for the Balabac Straits, which divide Paraguay from Borneo. The Borneo coast is distantly visible, and on clear days the majestic Kinabalu mountain, 13,700 feet high, can be plainly seen so far at sea as 130 miles. Passing through the Balabac Straits the voyager to the Philippines enters the Sulu Sea, and after hugging the Paraguay shore for 150 miles or so to avoid reefs and other maritime pleasantries, heads north-east across the sea for Iloilo. From Singapore to the Balabac Straits occupies about three and a half days, and the transit of the Sulu Sea about one and a half days.

In these latitudes the question of weather at sea is naturally an all-important one, for the Philippines

are the nursery of the much-dreaded and extremely formidable typhoon of the China Seas. Having already borne the brunt of two of these storms, and the afterwash of a third, not the remotest ambition remains to see another. Typhoons and cyclones were made for sailors, I imagine, not for soldiers, or possibly they are among those things which no fellow can understand the use of, and might serve for a verse or two from old Omar Khayyam, who would, no doubt, address his Creator with a healthy unreserve regarding a matter of such doubtful advantage to any one concerned. Before crossing to the Philippines it is as well therefore to make sure that no typhoon is expected, and if one should be it is undoubtedly wiser to incur an extra week's bill at Raffles's Hotel, and wait till it has blown over. The track of a typhoon at once becomes known at all ports within telegraphic communication with each other, and its exact direction can be almost mathematically calculated, so that given sufficient warning there is no necessity whatever to run one's head into the noose.

The season of the year in which typhoons are reputed to be most prevalent extends from April to December, but no part of the year appears to be entirely free from all chance of them. From past statistics, however, it appears that rarely more than one really formidable typhoon per annum need be expected. In the year of our visit, 1898, this annual occurrence took place on May 31st, whilst we came

in for a second and milder one just before leaving Manila at the end of November.

Is there any being so fortunate as never to have been assailed with qualms on the subject of tips to servants? Personally I have suffered more anguish on this subject than on any other, except my teeth. The last day at a country house, every day's fishing and shooting, even the drive to the station and the journey itself are ruined by this dreadful shadow of impending evil. Not that I or any one else grudges for a moment the useful menial whatever he may think his due; but where the hitch comes in is that no one ever seems to know how much one ought to give, and to whom. I think it is the Duke of Westminster who has a notice up in his bedrooms requesting none of his guests to tip the servants; if, however, they feel that their consciences will not allow of this, their attention is directed to a box into which their offerings may be dropped, such offerings forming a fund which is divided amongst all the servants at Christmas time. Such a step is certainly one in the right direction.

These sad reflections were occasioned by our impending departure from the *Uranus*. Here there was a major domo, a Spaniard, who did nothing for us in particular, beyond taking a lordly but distant interest in our welfare, and Thō-mass, a nominal descendant, I imagine, of the late-lamented Didymus, who did everything for us, as valet, lady's maid, housemaid, waiter, and general fag. Now the great

question was, should we insult the Spanish nation in general, and the major domo in particular, by rewarding both him and Thomas the Philippine according to their merits, or on the other hand should we distribute our tips on the basis of to him that hath shall be more abundantly supplied? After a sleepless night spent in wrestling with this problem we solved it by deciding to subsidise both so heavily that they could each buy a church for themselves and praise the British nation ever afterwards.

CHAPTER IV

ILOILO

Arrival at Pana Island — Defenceless condition of Iloilo — An ancient fort — The hardly aggressive sandbag — Garrison of Iloilo — Threatened rising — Rumoured defeat of the Spaniards — An excellent anchorage — The wharves — Description of Iloilo — Bad state of roads — European stores — Public vehicles — Mr. Duncan, the British Vice-Consul — A matter of passports — We tranship to the *Butuan* — “Plenty bad women” — A miserable experience — Disappointing scenery.

EARLY on the morning of October 24th, 1898, we sighted Pana Island, and about 2 P.M. dropped anchor before Iloilo, the temporary capital of the Spanish Philippines and the seat of government. The sea approaches to Iloilo, more especially from the westward, are very confined, and the crudest military or naval genius could find little difficulty in making the passage of a hostile fleet excessively unpleasant, but it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the Spaniards have done nothing either before the war began or during its continuance to put the place into a state of defence.

The only exception to this seemingly sweeping assertion that can be taken by those responsible is in favour of a few sandbags which have been

piled up on the bastions of a venerable masonry work which stands, and has probably stood for a couple of centuries, on the spit of land to the south of the town. This small fort is square, measuring about 80 yards each way, and its sea walls are so undermined by the action of the waves that one well-placed modern shell would tumble the whole structure into the sea. Beyond the useful but hardly aggressive sandbag there are no engines of warfare in the fort, no guns in position of even the smallest calibre or most ancient pattern. Either there never have been any, or perchance some needy former Governor turned them into cash. The garrison of Iloilo at this period consisted of about 1,000 infantry and two or three field guns. Of the infantry about half were natives, and could not be relied on. No opportunity occurred of seeing these troops, for they had just been despatched inland to check a rising which, instigated by the landing of 100 insurgents from the island of Luzon, was reported to be making formidable headway. The insurgents had brought several field guns with them, and arms and ammunition for their compatriots. On the morning after our arrival grave rumours were afloat that the Spanish troops had been defeated, and wholesale desertion to the enemy on the part of the native troops was taking place.

In the narrow strait which lies between the islands of Pana and Guimaras excellent anchorage and shelter exist for ships of any size and in any numbers. The town of Iloilo, though practically

on the sea and completely visible from it, has no wharfage on either of its sea faces. Ships of over 1,000 tons register have to load and unload at the anchorage, but small steamers and gunboats can proceed up the river to the town itself. The river is only about 800 feet wide, and the wharves are about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth. At the mouth is a bar crossable only at high water even for sailing brigs. There is room for about ten steamers to unload at one time at the wharf.

The town of Iloilo is of irregular shape, about one mile long by three-quarters broad. The houses are well built and the streets for the most part wide, but very badly kept. Another instance probably of the money which should have been expended in repairs going instead to feather the nests of officials. Side roads are mere quagmires, to bridge the worst portions of which a public-spirited citizen here and there gives the use of a teak log. These logs are occasionally the saving of a pedestrian, but we noticed that the ponies and bullocks drawing vehicles viewed them in an entirely different light, when, in addition to deep going, such formidable obstacles had to be negotiated. A few good stores kept by Europeans appeared to contain all the usual necessities of life, whilst the less pretentious shops were kept by Chinamen.

The public vehicles are two-wheeled and covered in, exact counterparts, in fact, on a smaller scale, of the inside car of "ould Ireland." The ponies are good, hardy little beasts, standing about 13 hands on

an average, and cost from 75 to 100 dollars apiece. Rates of hire, like everything else, were high in consequence of the war, fares all round being double the usual peace rates.

On the morning after our arrival we went ashore and called on Mr. Duncan, the British Vice-Consul, who proved to be the brother of a friend of ours, Surgeon-Major Duncan, of the 5th Gurkhas. The Spanish Government, great in small things however small in great things, made here the astonishing discovery that I had no passport. I had asked the American Consul at Singapore if one was necessary, and was informed that it certainly was not, we being through passengers to Manila and only touching at Iloilo incidentally *en route*. However, the Spaniards would have it, and I was ordered to present myself with my papers before the Secretary to Government. As my "papers" consisted of nothing more official than my visiting card, supported by a regimental crest on the back of a cigarette case, we appeared to be in some danger of missing our ship, which sailed in an hour's time, but here Mr. Duncan most kindly came to the rescue and accompanied me to the Spanish Government Offices. The result of the negotiations was the highly interesting document given on the opposite page, which no one has ever been able to decipher, and which no one of course ever afterwards asked for.

At Iloilo we transhipped into another Spanish ship flying, however, the American flag. We had fondly imagined that we had fallen as low as it

was possible to fall in ocean shipping in a steamer of 873 tons, but our next venture, the *Butuan*, undeceived us in that respect, for she was only a little over 400 tons, and a nice little bounce she gave us during our thirty-six hours' voyage in

Permit me to express
 my sincere thanks
 to your husband
 and Mrs. E. C. G. for
 the many kind
 and thoughtful
 services rendered
 to me during my
 stay in Iloilo.

her. She was very crowded too, the first and only saloon being so full that there was not room for all to be fed at one time. Our kind friend, the captain of the *Uranus*, had personally conducted us on board and handed us over with many and most careful

injunctions as to our welfare to our new captain. The result was that the new captain drew me apart and unfolded a dark and dreadful conspiracy, whereby we were to feign indisposition till the other good people were safely settled at dinner, and then he would have a nice table spread on deck for himself and us and one other privileged señor. The conspiracy came off all right, but the captain got dreadfully careworn over it. His English was very rudimentary, and we chuckled a good deal when, in explaining his plan of campaign relative to meals, he described his fair compatriots of the first saloon as "plenty bad women," with fearful shrugs and contortions, "not good like Missis," smiling blandly at the back of my wife's head in the distance. A voyage in the *Butuan* is like a voyage on the most depressing form of switchback railway, with the additional horror of some one giving the bottom of the ship great bumps up at all the most inconvenient moments. A more miserable crowd than thronged the decks even the annals of the Calais-Dover boat could with difficulty produce. As to the scenery during the trip through the network of islands which lie between Iloilo and Manila, one feels compelled in honesty to record an opinion that it is certainly not worth the trouble of going so far to see. During a previous visit to Japan it had been impressed upon us that the scenery in the renowned inland sea of Japan could not compare with that to be found in the Philippine Islands; this may or may not be the case,

but of a surety we did not come across those parts. One of the charms of the inland sea is, that in ships of the largest tonnage you can run close along shore as in a deep river, and the mainland and islands are full of life and the sea of boats. In the Philippines, on the contrary, the ship, as a rule, keeps well away from land, and such land as is passed close consists merely of thickly-wooded, deserted-looking hills, dipping steeply into the sea. No life is visible on shore, no variety in the stereotyped class of scenery, and a boat is as rare as an octopus. Go, therefore, by all means to the Philippines, but not to see anything more beautiful than the scenery in Japan, or for that matter in England.

But even the most uncomfortable voyage is not without its humours, and here a standing amusement was furnished by a little German, very fat and very ill, whose bed, bedding, and blankets another gentleman, equally ill, had appropriated, spread on deck, and permanently occupied. Every few hours the little German would dash at the usurper and shake and abuse him, and demand his bed; but the usurper was a big man and very ill, and absolutely refused to stir, whereupon the little German would dash away and be violently unwell, and sleep about here and there and glare at the big man. At last, after firmly resisting all attacks for twenty-four hours, the big man gave in so far as to allow the little fat man to have half his own bed, and there for the rest of the voyage these two lay as lovingly

as the babes in the wood, and were comfortably ill together. The chief engineer was a Scotchman, and had been on the *Butuan* for twenty years, during which period his consumption of whisky appears to have reflected great credit on the swallowing capacities of his native land; as the captain put it, "Him very good; what you call drunkengineer."

CHAPTER V

MANILA OF TO-DAY

Sanitary and Customs inspection — “Only durned Dons” — A priest in difficulties — Five minutes with a landing porter — An undisciplined nationality — “Intramuros” — The suburbs — The streets and foot-paths — The shops — The government of the Americans — The Postal, Customs, and Police Departments — Sanitary reforms — Sinks of sanitary iniquity — The Don’s bath — He rarely needs it — Poor Peter — The water-works not in American hands — Consequent state of the water — Abolition of cock-fighting and lotteries — A \$500,000 prize — Tramcars — Public vehicles — Fares — Police protection required — No curios — The hotels not good — Poor food, insanitary and unclean — The kitchen — The servants with no class distinction except stupidity — Restaurants — Saloons and bars — “Do you expectorate cotton?” — Filipino bands — The soldiers’ Pay day — The English Club — The local American Press — “Holy Gee!” — Religion and costumes of the people — A Chinese custom — The morals of the ladies — The vacant throne.

WE anchored off the mouth of the Pasig River, on which the town of Manila stands, at dawn on October 27th, 1898, and there awaited the American sanitary inspector’s visit. This inspection satisfactorily completed, the ship was placed in charge of three soldiers, who represented the Customs Department, and we steamed about a mile up the Pasig River, and wharfed up alongside of Manila town. Naturally a great department like that of the Customs, taken

over by an army of occupation and worked by soldiers with possibly little or no experience, and certainly short-handed, cannot expect to fall at once into first-class working order. We had therefore to wait several hours before our small personal baggage had worked successfully through the ordeal, and finally our kind friend the soldier let us through for 25 cents. In paying my small bill and pressing a soothing drink on him, I mentioned that I had noticed that the other passengers had had to pay a good deal more than we had. "Oh, yes," says young Uncle Sam; "but them's only durned Dons, and you're a Britisher," which from a British point of view was an excellent argument. At the same time we saw the same young fellow very good-naturedly befriend a Spanish priest who had got into some trouble with the landing porters. We could not quite follow what the trouble was, but the malcontents would not allow the priest's carriage to depart. As a last resource the priest appealed to our friend, who, though he probably did not understand the point under argument any more than we did, cut the Gordian knot with great promptitude by mounting on the coach box himself and ordering the driver to proceed at once, under pain of having the butt-end of a rifle heavily planted on his toes.

These same landing porters we in our turn found most insolent and ill-conditioned hounds, of a rapacity which I have seldom seen equalled. For landing our luggage, allowing for war prices, we gave the man about four times what he would have

got in any other Eastern port, a sum equivalent to the pay of five able-bodied soldiers for one day. Not satisfied with claiming more, he was undoubtedly insolent as well. I did not, however, stay to have insolence translated, but being a man of war, gave that porter five minutes of the most astonishing experiences which the Philippine mind could possibly conceive. The moment was one of sweet gratification, for I had for some months been steadily ploughing along with Sandow's system of developing the muscles, and gave that porter the benefit of it. There is every reason to hope that when the gentleman comes to the violent end he is spoiling for, the name of Sandow amongst other things will be found engraved upon his heart.

On further acquaintance with the natives of these islands, nothing struck us more forcibly than the great difference in demeanour between them and the natives of each and all of our own or of the Dutch dependencies. With the current and well-authenticated history of two centuries of Spanish oppression, Spanish cruelty, and Spanish atrocity before one, it would be natural to find in the Philippines a downtrodden and ultra subservient race. But this is not at all the case, and may be taken as one more proof of the entire unsuitability of the Latin races for the work of colonisation, the spread of civilisation, or call it what you may. To take a small instance, if one goes into a restaurant or lives in an hotel in England or any of her dependencies, one is, as a rule, treated with ordinary civility and

attention by the waiters and servants, men who are paid to perform those functions. Our experience of the Philippine servant was quite the contrary, for a more lazy, insolent, ignorant, and feckless individual it would be difficult to find. Every day and every hour of the day is borne forcibly in upon one the impression, even allowing for the present disturbed state of public feeling, that there is an entire absence of such national discipline as should be the outcome of centuries of well-regulated European control.

The town of Manila consists of an old walled city, known as "Intramuros," and of various suburbs which have sprung up around it. It came into the possession of the Spaniards partly by conquest and partly by treaty in the month of May, 1570, upwards of three centuries ago. The walled city appears to have been built as a protection against the sea pirates about the year 1590, during the governorship of Gomez Perez Dasmarinas, and according to tradition Chinese labour was employed in the construction of the defences. The main bastions are built of huge blocks of faced stone, and even after three centuries of wear and tear would still form a protection against any but the heaviest guns. Of the suburbs, Binondo is the chief trading centre, and has indeed become a small town of itself, separated only from the walled town by the Pasig River. On the other hand, and connected with the walled town by the Luneta or public promenade, lie the combined suburbs of Ermita and Malate, where the English



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American Picquet Bivouacking in the Escolta, the Bond Street of Manila.

Club is situated, and where several handsome private residences are to be found. Both in the walled city and in Binondo the houses and streets are much the same as are to be found in any small town in Spain or France, architectural merit, such as it is, being reserved for the churches and cathedrals. The streets are narrow and paved with rough cobble stones, which must bring fond recollections of New York to the American heart, and the footpaths, except in the Escolta, the Bond Street of Manila, are rarely broad enough for two people to walk comfortably abreast. Mud, deep abiding mud, is prevalent everywhere for three-fourths of the year, and is replaced by dust during the remaining period. It is difficult to say whether the paved streets or the unpaved are the worst; both are execrable, and have no doubt made the fortunes of several public functionaries who have had the handling of the money destined for their repair. The shops, especially in the Escolta, are surprisingly good for such an out-of-the-way place, and compare favourably with those of Hong Kong, Calcutta, or Singapore. Prices, in spite of the war, are certainly lower than those which obtain at British ports in the East.

After the capitulation of the Spaniards the whole civil government of Manila and its suburbs was taken over by the Americans, the general officer commanding becoming Military Governor. To undertake such a task is indeed a formidable one, especially for an army situated far from its base and unable therefore to draw at once on home resources

for trained officials. But perhaps no military force is better situated for meeting such a demand than is an army composed of the material which fills the ranks of the American Expeditionary Force. There are here the best part of 18,000 volunteers, men drawn from every rank of society, lawyers, merchants, postal clerks, tradesmen, office hands of all descriptions, university men; and, indeed, it would be difficult to say what trade or calling is not represented. From amongst these men it was possible to draw fairly proficient officials to man the Customs, Postal, and Police Departments, whilst the Provost-Marshal-General became Chief Magistrate of the borough and exercised functions accordingly. The Postal Department ran smoothly enough, but with the Customs some initial difficulties arose, for it was manifestly unfair on the merchants to suddenly introduce without due notice a new table of tariffs, whilst merchandise imported under older and higher tariffs still remained unsold. On the other hand, also, new imports which under the new *régime* were destined to bear higher customs rates, would be crowded out of the market so long as the same article saleable at cheaper rates under the old tariff remained in stock. The American Governor therefore very wisely consented to introduce tariff reforms gradually only, and after due notice given. The working of the city police came as a new and startling innovation to Spaniards and Filipinos alike; the infraction of the laws of sanitation and public decency became a finable offence. Old residents,

male and female, who from time immemorial had been accustomed to perform the offices of nature in any convenient spot in the public streets, now found that the continuance of such habits was a luxury which, pecuniarily speaking, they could no longer afford, for even the most opulent would hardly care to pay a couple of dollars on each occasion. The custom of emptying slops out of window was also severely discountenanced, and one Spanish officer who happened to hit an American sentry in this way, spent the night in the guard-room, and, in addition, had to pay a handsome fine in the morning. But Rome was not built in a day, and though the Americans worked sanitary marvels even in a few weeks, yet large and comprehensive measures will be required before Manila can rank as a sanitary town. To give an instance of the absolute filth of Spanish ways of living, it is only necessary to allude to their household arrangements. Here the only "place of resort" is a small room at the top of the house, with a hole in the floor. To this common and awful retreat ladies and gentlemen of the highest birth and most distinguished bearing resort, and it is a solemn truth that this pit of iniquity is never cleared out, that the excreta of fifty or one hundred years lie there, and that a solid column of this decayed filth, standing sometimes as high as the second storey, forms part and parcel of the houses of even the richest and most distinguished Spaniards. If any corroboration of this statement is necessary I may add the testimony

of an American officer, who, with a fatigue party detailed for the purpose, took three weeks clearing out these appalling monuments of uncleanness in a block of buildings occupied by his men. In face of this damning evidence we may perhaps place the Spaniard below all other nations in the sanitary hierarchy, and might with justice decide that he should be severely cut by every clean-minded person in Europe till he becomes more civilised.

It is not surprising with this introduction to find that the Spaniards, even in a tropical climate, habitually shun the daily or even weekly bath. On the rare occasions when necessity demands this dire expedient, every window and door is carefully shut as if ice blasts from the Pole were hurtling in, and then in solemn procession a very small bath, containing a little very warm water, is placed in the middle of the bedroom. The bath consists of what is vulgarly known as a "lick and a promise," after which the valuable Don most carefully dries himself, puts his clothes on, and opens the shutters inch by inch, for fear he should catch cold by a too sudden exposure to an atmosphere of 90° in the shade. We were thinking of taking passage back to Singapore in a large Spanish ship, carrying officers and men back to Barcelona, but were strongly advised not to do so by an Englishman who had tried the experiment. His experience has been that the solitary bathroom in the ship was permanently filled with heavy baggage, and that not a single soul on board, officers, ladies, or children, took a single bath

between Manila and Barcelona, a period of thirty-two days. Perhaps we English are over-sensitive on the matter of personal cleanliness, and bore other nations by insisting on it, but before closing the subject may I add another incident? A Don in Manila, one of the highest in the land, gravely informed an English friend that he looked upon a bath as a purely medicinal function—one would think almost surgical—and that he only took baths when he was ill in some way.

“But you are never ill; you are always a particularly healthy man,” remarked the Englishman.

“Yes, thanks be to Heaven, I am,” said the señor, devoutly and simply. Poor old Peter up aloft must have a heavy job with the Dons before they are fit for admission through the golden gates.

The water-works are situated outside the town to the northward, and have, by a curious oversight, been left by the Americans in the hands of the insurgent troops. Apart from military considerations the arrangement has decided disadvantages. Some days the water arrives through the pipes fairly clear and good, on other days only moderately so, and on three days in the week impossible for man or beast. By this simple thermometer it is possible to gauge with some accuracy the exact occupation of the insurgents on the previous day.

After three centuries a habit or pastime becomes a second nature, and therefore the stern suppression of cock-fighting, lotteries, and gambling houses smote the good people of Manila with something

approaching consternation. The loss in revenue, too, is considerable, and will have to be made good by taxation in other and perhaps less popular directions. The licenses for cock-fighting alone brought into the Treasury \$150,000 to \$160,000 a year, whilst the percentage which fell to the State from the monthly Government lotteries touched \$600,000 a year. These lotteries were very popular not only with the Spaniards but with the English at Hong Kong, Singapore, and even as far afield as Calcutta. A whole ticket costs \$10, but was divided into ten coupons, each of which could be bought separately for a dollar apiece; the first prize amounted to as much as \$500,000, and to take tickets in this monthly lottery was as much part of a merchant or trader's business as to ensure his business premises. Of course the grand prize took a good deal of catching, but most investors found that their gains in small prizes generally kept their accounts fairly evenly balanced, whilst the lucky few made fortunes, and nobody lost severely.

Tramcars, with the bridge over the Pasig River into Binondo as a central meeting-point, run weakly wailing out to all the suburbs and also to the walled city, the driver blowing continuously an instrument suggestive of lost souls. They are built on much the same lines as are tramcars in other countries, and for four cents you can go as far as you please. The ponies are very small, barely thirteen hands in height, and though plucky and willing one pony of this size can hardly be considered sufficient horsing

for a car holding twenty to twenty-five people. This matter of protecting from overwork ponies employed both in tramcars and public vehicles is one which will probably have to be looked to by the American city fathers. The Spaniard has no bowels of compassion, and the Filipino knows no better; it is therefore not uncommon to see ponies badly galled still at work in the streets, or driven to a standstill, whilst the vehicles are habitually overloaded, four or five soldiers crowding into a carriage intended to hold two or three. The public vehicles are divided into three classes, and the authorised charges are moderate in each class. The first-class carriages are double-ponied open victorias, such as the Dutch in Java call "milords"; the second-class are called "quilez," very close relations to the inside car of Dublin, and drawn by one pony; and the third-class consists of small one-ponied hooded traps with seating for two behind the driver, and facing the pony. The authorised charges promulgated by the Provost-Marshal-General are for a first-class carriage: 25 cents for one half-hour; 50 cents for the first hour, and 30 cents for each succeeding hour; for six consecutive hours, \$2; for a twelve-hour day with an interval of two hours to rest and feed the horses, \$3.80. For a second-class vehicle the charges are 20 cents for one half-hour; 40 cents for the first hour, and 25 cents for each succeeding hour; for six consecutive hours \$1.60; for twelve hours with an interval of two hours for resting and feeding the horses, \$3. In the third-class for the same periods

the charges are 15 cents, 25 cents, and 20 cents, \$1.15, and \$2.40. After midnight double fares may be charged in each class. The drivers are all Filipinos and seem to be a fairly intelligent and obliging lot, but somewhat too prone to the whip. So habituated have some of the ponies become to the ding-dong of the whip every moment about their hides that they will stop automatically if it ceases.

The majority of cases which appear before the courts of the Provost-Marshall are charges of gambling, committing nuisances in the streets, selling drinks at unauthorised hours, and occasionally a case of fighting or stabbing, but a case of cruelty to animals or over-driving rarely appears to catch the eyes of the police. We saw in *durance vile* one Spanish officer who was found dancing like a maniac on the dead body of a Filipino officer, on the Luneta, the latter having five stiletto wounds which had apparently been the cause of death, and which were presumably inflicted by the Spanish officer. Such cases were, however, rare, and the gentlemen who went about hunting trouble with a knife generally inflicted only minor wounds.

There is nothing of any local interest to be bought in the shops except cigars, which are of course excellent, cigarettes which are moderately good and exceedingly cheap, and "pina" cloth, a curious and very fine species of silk muslin, made either from pineapple fibre or from hemp fibre. This "pina" cloth is worn by women of all classes, and varies in

price from 50 cents to \$10 a yard, according to texture. Many of the shades and patterns are, I am credibly informed, exquisite.

On the hotels it is not possible to make laudatory remarks, and those who wish for even moderate comfort are advised to postpone their visit until the Americans have had time to start one or two good hotels. Wild horses would not drag from me the name of the hotel at which we took refuge, but as it has since changed hands its reputation will not be injured by any remarks here made regarding it in the bad old days. To start with, the food was such as to induce one to take a gloomy view of life for the remainder of the day. Two meals, each the counterpart of the other, were served, the one at 12 noon, and the other at 7 o'clock P.M. The perennial menu consisted of soup, very thin and very greasy, and presumably made from boiled dish-cloths. As *pièce de résistance* came a portion of a venerable cow, the father or mother of all cows, such original nutriment as it possessed having first been boiled out of it, and possibly sold as soup elsewhere. Next would come a nameless horror, which a confiding public was invited to believe to be an *entrée*; this article from a purely archæological and geological point of view had some interest, and it might be of value to the South Kensington Museum to have one preserved in spirits and sent home for exhibition. Some people maintain that it was a kromesky made of fragments of Egyptian mummy; others that we were merely using up the broken remains of Montojo's fleet. For my-

self I prefer to keep an open mind and leave conjecture to the scientists. Occasionally a venerable fish was added to the feast, and the banquet closed with a weird dish called "carey," which consisted of small chunks of some defunct bird, by courtesy understood to be a fowl, floating about in liquid train-oil slightly spiced. In this curious disguise we were much gratified to find after careful inquiry our old friend the curry of the gorgeous East. Such a thing as chota-nazri, the cup that soothes in the cold grey of the morning, or afternoon tea, were apparently unknown, and every morning and evening regularly had I to sally forth to the kitchen and arrange for the supply, on each occasion being met with the utmost astonishment by all concerned. Tea, that celestial beverage, was itself made in such a way as to be unapproachable, and the coffee was little better, an incidental matter perhaps accounted for by our frequently finding old tea leaves at the bottom of the coffee-pot. That same coffee-pot, by the way, was used as a vehicle for bringing hot water for our baths, which was doubtless good for the coffee-pot, but bad for the bath. No butter appears to be obtainable, if one excepts a yellow horror reputed to be manufactured from old coconut chips, and the sight of which would certainly give any right-minded cow delirium tremens. The sanitary arrangements consisted of one pit of iniquity, such as has been before described, and in close and pleasing contact with it are the kitchen and a solitary and much be-cobwebbed bathroom. It is not

possible to declare on oath that there were cobwebs across the bath when we arrived, but from the general surroundings we had every reason to believe that there were. Returning from this painful pilgrimage, the intelligent passer-by may chance to cast a glance into a dark and noisome hole, it might be a coal hole, or it might be a dustbin, but indeed it is neither: it is the kitchen, whence issue our luxurious daily repasts. The bedrooms are grubby-looking, ill-ventilated, and unclean, and water for washing purposes has to be wrung drop by drop from the attendant boy. These "boys," Filipinos all, are miserable servants, without method or intelligence. A boy, for instance, would never dream of filling up the water jugs of his own initiative, but has on each occasion to be hunted up jug in hand. In the same way he would never think of emptying the utensils without being told to do so, and pouring slops out of window into the street is now discouraged by the American police. At dinner one may have been drinking draught beer regularly every night for a fortnight, nevertheless each evening it is necessary to carefully explain to the same boy exactly what draught beer is, and how much is wanted, and he, after consulting several other boys, and slopping about a bit, will discover what you want with all the genuine pleasure of one who has at last solved a great and important problem. The boys have no caste prejudices, which is a blessing, and no class distinction except stupidity. Perhaps I ought to have written of Manila hotels after the mellowing

hand of time and distance had blunted the point of the pen, but what is written is written, and if the strictures made appear too severe it may be allowed in amelioration that they were written in a Manila hotel. The prices charged are from \$5 to \$4 (Mex.) per head per diem, and at some hotels table wine is included in this charge.

There are several fairly good restaurants in the town, at which the charges are very moderate. The best of these we found to be the Paris Restaurant in the Escolta, with the dining-room abutting on the river, and the Nuevo Restaurant, opposite the English Tiffin Club. The charge at both of these restaurants is \$1 per meal, including red Spanish wine. One dollar equals at the present day one shilling and elevenpence, or one rupee eight annas. By the way, as we were entering the Paris Restaurant we came across a Spanish soldier, a prototype of my own beloved corps, the *Guidas Rurales*, which, being interpreted, means, I imagine, guides to the enemy's country.

Of saloons and bars there is a sufficient quantity. From one bedroom window it is possible for a fairly dexterous man to flick the stump of a cigar into four, whilst a fifth is only about twenty yards out of range, and a sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth could be reached by the most infirm person in a few seconds from our bedroom door. Each saloon is filled with small tables, and at each table are seated permanently four American soldiers, and in front of each warrior is a pile of monkey nuts and a glass

of beer. As the bar keeper rakes in 40 cents, or about tenpence, on each of those glasses of beer, it is obvious that the bar keeper's eldest daughter is a lady worth marrying. The majority of these saloons are now in the hands of Americans, but a few Spaniards are still holding on, aided by American assistants—heaven preserve us from calling them waiters. The beer drunk is almost entirely American, and is delicately brought to the attention of consumers by humorous advertisements. Thus one brewer asks: "How is your pulse? Is your tongue dry? Do you expectorate cotton? IF SO, LOOK OUT, MY SON!! or you are a gone goose. —'s beer will cure you and make your tent a happy home. —'s beer is what you want; insist on having it, and kick if you don't get it." A rival gentleman retorts: "How about icebergs? Next to icebergs there's nothing so cooling as a glass of —'s beer. When it is cool it is so chilly that you must keep it away from YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW, or the old girlie will make it hot for you." And a third merchant prince informs the public that his beer "kills the sun's heat. Try it, boys," and to do them justice they do. In many of the saloons are string bands manned by Filipinos, who play exceedingly well and entirely by ear. The American soldier is paid only once a month, which is a bad arrangement for all parties, for naturally after a month of penury the dollars fly on pay day, and a few of the weaker vessels get pleasingly exhilarated, whilst one and all blow the

pile in a couple of days, and have to spend the next twenty-eight days in sorrowful longing for the paymaster's next visit. From personal experience I must record a passing encomium on the excellence of the beer as served at these saloons; it is very light, clear as crystal, well up, and ice cold. On Sundays all bars and saloons are, under American jurisdiction, closed, but possibly there is a back entrance to most of them, for a couple of soldiers were found asleep and dreaming of Schletz's beer on Sunday night in the hotel stables.

There is at present only one club, known as the English Club, with a fine club-house out in the Malate quarter on the seashore, and an annex in the shape of a Tiffin Club in the Binondo quarter in the centre of all the business houses. The members most hospitably throw their doors open to British and American officers, making them temporary or honorary members. It was from the roof of the club-house that several Englishmen gained a fine view of the naval battle of Cavité, whilst in the final capture of the city they were right on the scene of action, and at one time between the belligerents, probably a unique experience.

With a ready eye to business, and appreciating the power of the Press, the Americans have already started four newspapers in Manila. Of these *The American*, *The American Soldier*, and *The Manila Times*, are daily papers, whilst *Freedom* is issued bi-weekly only. Considering their youth and natu-

rally somewhat restricted circulation they have a very good service of foreign telegrams, and contain many useful and instructive articles on local and American topics. The paragraphs and advertisements are often very amusing. "Holy Gee," exclaims one organ, "200 new subscribers in one hour! Walk in, boys, beer ain't in it with newspapers. Dump down your dollars and secure an intellectual feast for one month, anyhow." But the beer man is not to be defeated, for on the back of the same paper he holds out most inviting suggestions of celestial bliss to those who drink his beer, thus: "Beware of microbes. The little demons that down a strong man. There's NO MICROBES in S——'s beer, and don't you forget it. If by accident a microbe should fall into S——'s beer, he would reform and become an ANGEL. Who would not be an Angel?"

The universal religion amongst the natives appears to be Roman Catholic, and the Spaniards have so far impressed not only their religion but their attire on the people, that the women wear a semi-European costume, with long skirts, and wide, projecting sleeves, and when going to church a mantilla on the head; the men, as a rule, wearing a white shirt with the tails hanging out, white trousers, and a European hat. The Spanish system, even in these minor matters, is diametrically opposed to the Dutch system as seen in Java, for whilst the Spaniards press their religion, language, and costumes on the people, the Dutch, acting on an exactly opposite principle,

make it illegal for a Javanese to appear in public without the national puggri on his head, and the national sarong about his loins; whilst his religion, that of Mohammed, being an excellent one, is left to him. It was noticeable that a certain number of the Philippine women were to be seen with their hair down and hanging loose instead of coiled up at the back of the head in the usual manner. On inquiry it appeared that the custom has been borrowed from the Chinese.

The popular morals are of a somewhat easy-going type in the case of unmarried girls, who are apparently free to take their pleasures without fear of reproach. After marriage, however, the strictest morality is exacted by their husbands, and, as a rule, observed. Under these circumstances it is perhaps only natural to find that many of the brides have "no call to wear orange blossoms," as the sergeant of the guard in giving his evidence at the orderly room regarding the character of a young woman deftly described the situation. Spaniards and other Europeans who are unmarried, generally follow the ancient usages of India and Burmah, and by negotiation secure the services of a dusky señorita to fill the vacant throne in their households; some even marry them and settle down permanently in the country, but half-castes are not noticeable in large numbers, partly perhaps because the Spaniard is very little lighter in complexion than the Filipino, and the progeny might, and does to strangers, pass

for either Spanish or Filipino, according to the costume worn. Some very pretty girls are occasionally seen with a strong cross of Chinese blood in their veins, but the ordinary Filipino woman is not beautiful, nor has she the taking manner and picturesque costume of the Japanese.

CHAPTER VI

THE "FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC"

The American and insurgent outposts stand face to face—Aguinaldo proclaims himself First President of the Philippine Republic and assembles a National Congress—Permission accorded to visit the great man—An early start—The advantage of early dawn parades—Mr. Smith-Alliston—The President's palace at Malolos—A country road—Aguinaldo's body-guard—The audience hall—The importunate widow—A long wait—Personal appearance of the President—A man of action—Prompt execution of a rival—Aguinaldo declares for complete independence—Breakers ahead—The colours of the 5th Spanish Light Infantry—The colours of the new Republic—Did the Americans or the English win the battle of Omdurman?—The sinews of war—The Treasury balance—Spanish prisoners—Rebellion or legitimate revolution.

As before mentioned, hearing that their insurgent allies under Aguinaldo might be guilty of excesses if they were allowed to enter and hold Manila conjointly with the Americans, General Merritt so arranged the terms of capitulation that the American troops should hold the line of defence, with some modifications, recently held by the Spanish troops, whilst the insurgents remained in the outer encircling works which they had held whilst besieging the Spaniards. The two allies were therefore placed in a very curious position, the one having



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 Aguinaldo as President of the Republic. Born 9th May. 1869.

the appearance of defending Manila against the other. General Merritt's precaution was most wise and humane, and undoubtedly saved an immense amount of bloodshed, for if the insurgent troops had gained an entry into the town, it is the candid opinion of British residents here that not a single Spaniard, man, woman, or child, would have been spared, and that the place would have become the most appalling scene of rapine, murder, and plunder, concluding probably in a bloody street to street fight between the Americans and their allies.

In accordance therefore with his agreement with the American General, Aguinaldo, leaving, it is stated, as many as 50,000 troops, fully armed and equipped and assisted by artillery, girdling the city, himself established his headquarters at Malolos, a small village some twenty-five miles by rail northwest of Manila. Here, as we have seen, he on September 29th proclaimed himself First President of the Philippine Republic, appointed his great officers of State, and assembled a National Congress.

Being anxious to visit this remarkable man, I asked both Admiral Dewey and the Military Governor whether there would be any objection to my doing so. "None whatever; go right away," was the reply. On the other hand, the British Consul advised me to go casually, so to speak, and without letters of introduction or previous negotiations, on the grounds that the insurgent newspapers exaggerated every small event to

such an extent, that the visit of a stray British officer might be magnified into a political move of importance.

The train for Malolos starts at the unwholesome hour of 6.05 A.M., and our hotel lay a mile distant from the station. Appreciating the entire unreliability of the hotel boy as an awakening medium, I determined to rely on myself, with the very usual result that I awoke at 1 A.M. and again at 3 A.M., and yet again at 4 A.M., but slept like a lamb through 5 A.M., and only awoke with a start at 5.40 A.M. This gave me exactly twenty-five minutes to dress and walk a mile through unknown streets to catch my train, for no carriages were up and about. I have never hitherto been able to appreciate the advantage of early morning parades; but their use is now perfectly apparent, for they enable those inured to them to dress in five minutes, and catch a train a mile off without leaving a second to spare. When I command my regiment I shall therefore continue the system of cold-grey-morning parades — for the young officers.

In the first-class carriage into which I was hurtled, hot, hatless, ticketless, and with my bootlaces flying in the morning breeze, I had the good fortune to find an Englishman, Mr. Smith-Alliston, who was on his way to keep a business appointment with Aguinaldo, and who most kindly offered to introduce me to the new-fledged President of the Philippine Republic. Mr. Alliston was in Manila during the whole period of the operations, had secured a

clear and near view of the naval battle off Cavité from his steam launch on the bay, and from the roof of the English Club was fortunate enough to have a bird's-eye view, at close range, of the combined sea and land attack which culminated in the occupation of Manila by the Americans on August 13th, 1898. Many of Mr. Alliston's most interesting reminiscences will be found scattered about this book, and I only refrain from giving them here *en bloc* as our theme is Aguinaldo, and to Aguinaldo we had perhaps, for convenience' sake, better adhere.

A convent which lies about a mile from Malolos railway station forms temporarily the palace of the President, a mile of possibly the worst road in the world, with the exception perhaps of all other country roads in the Philippines. It was from six to eight inches deep in mud, and beneath this comparatively smiling exterior were concealed all the most enticing surprises in the way of pits, boulders, and hummocks the size of a pig, which ingenious nature and man's neglect could supply. Our conveyance was a small hooded bench on two wheels, which two hearty little ponies sent flying along in spite of all obstructions in quite the most jocular manner. To us inside passengers the sensation was much on a par with being placed inside a packing case, rolled down a long flight of marble steps, dragged to the top again and again let rip, the motion being continued until a distance equivalent to a statute mile had been completed.

Arrived at the village of Malolos, we drove with all our remaining dignity up to the "Union" Restaurant, a small pothouse in a side street. Here we had a first-class omelette, three Oxford sausages (observe the scope of the British Empire), and some *café au lait*, and thus fortified prepared to beard the lion of the Philippines in his den.

At the high-arched gateway of the convent we found a strong infantry guard armed with Remington rifles. The sentry halted us, and made as if to bar the way whilst demanding our business; but after some discussion we were allowed to enter, and mounting two flights of stone steps found ourselves at the entrance of a long corridor. Here a body-guard soldier, armed with a German cap and a halberd of the pattern prevalent in the days of Don Quixote, kept silent watch and ward. At the far end of the corridor was a desk at which sat the A.D.C. in waiting, and up both sides of the corridor were ranged chairs on which those who were waiting for an audience sat. It was now 9 o'clock, but the President's private secretary bustled up to inform us that the great man had been kept up till 2 A.M. the night before with important telegrams and despatches, and was not in consequence yet awake. A weary wait of four and a half hours ensued, part of which we passed in wandering down the only street in the village, and part in criticising our fellow sufferers. A party seated opposite gave us quite half an hour's enjoyment. It consisted of mamma, in deep mourning,

Lucia, Isabella, Dulcia, and mamma's darling Fernandez. Their petition went in, and after an interval an A.D.C. came out, handed mamma a letter, shook hands most cordially with the whole party and especially with Isabella, and escorted them with the greatest politeness to the door. He then returned to his arduous duties, but the party, after a brief consultation, drifted back to their old position opposite us.

After an interval out came the A.D.C. on another job. "Hullo, mamma and family not gone yet! I must see them out," which he accordingly did with the same exuberant cordiality as at first. But no sooner had he gone when again back they all came. Four times did that most urbane of aides-de-camp show that party out, but the fourth time he took them down past the infantry guard at the gate, and if he was as wise as he was polite, gave orders to the sentry to shoot mamma on sight if she appeared again. Anyway, that was the last we saw of the party. At 1.30 P.M. the private secretary, who talked excellent English, came out to say that the President would see me. Passing through a long low room, used temporarily as a hall of audience, we were conducted into Aguinaldo's private study, where we found him seated at a large desk covered with papers and books. The great man rose and advanced a few steps to meet us, and in a quiet and dignified manner said he was glad to make the acquaintance of an English officer. Aguinaldo is a young man of only twenty-nine years of age,

stands about 5 feet 4 inches in height, is slightly built, and was dressed in a coat and trousers of drab tussore silk. He is a pure Philippine native, though showing a slight trace of Chinese origin, of dark complexion, and much pock-marked. His face is square and determined, the lower lip protruding markedly. On the whole a man of pleasant demeanour, even-tempered, and with strong characteristics. Slow of speech, and perhaps also of thought, his past career has hall-marked him as a man of prompt decision and prompter action. Many people, and amongst others Admiral Dewey, were much puzzled to find so quiet and apparently unintelligent and listless a young man the acknowledged and undisputed head of so great a movement. Many thought that he was a mere puppet in the hands of stronger men, others that he was a safe weak man bolstered up by strong conflicting powers on all sides, much in the way that Switzerland as a nation is bolstered up in Europe by strong powers on all sides. But a remarkably prompt action served to show that Aguinaldo was no puppet, but sailed decisively on his own bottom. A short time ago it appears that another of the insurgent leaders began to secure a following which bade fair to shake the supremacy of Aguinaldo. The President stayed to take no half measures, attempted no parleying; he grasped the nettle firmly, and ordering his reputed rival out into the courtyard, had him shot on the spot.

In the course of conversation the subject of an American Protectorate came up. Now up to this

date both Aguinaldo and the men of influence around him had openly declared that it was their wish to start their new life under the protection of a recognized power, and preferably under that of the American nation. But on this day, October 31st, Aguinaldo most emphatically declared that he and his followers had fought for *complete* independence, and that they would shed the last drop of their blood in securing it. These were practically his very words, and forsaking his quiet demeanour, he went so far as to thump the desk with his fist for emphasis. This was a most weighty utterance, and if seriously meant was tantamount to a declaration of war against America should the result of the Peace Conference include a provision that the Philippine Islands were to be handed over to that Power.

The subject was then changed, and we were shown a standard recently taken from the Spaniards. It belonged to the 5th Spanish Light Infantry, and was captured by a young insurgent, general of division, aged only twenty-two years. It so happened that the 5th Spanish Light Infantry, as prisoners of war in Manila, happened to fill the aisle of a large church in the walled city where we were attending High Mass on the following day. The general demeanour, physique, and bearing of the 5th Spanish Light Infantry led one to conjecture that they would be not unlikely to lose as many colours as a confiding king and country entrusted to their care. They were infants in arms, and remarkably poor infants, and as we have

seen elsewhere untrained and badly led. Next Aguinaldo showed us his own colours, which are red, white, and blue; the white in the form of a triangle being next the flagstaff, and the red and blue filling it up to the usual rectangular shape of a flag. On it are a sun and three stars, the emblems of the young Republic. The conversation then turned to the subject of arms, and Aguinaldo was much impressed on hearing of the tremendous execution done by the Lee-Metford rifle at the battle of Omdurman. The President is, and acknowledges himself to be, ignorant of all outside matters, and therefore it was no surprise to be asked whether the Americans or English won the battle. In spite of the strict embargo placed on the importation of arms, Aguinaldo said that he was then expecting a large consignment of Mauser rifles and ammunition from a German firm.

A small son of the President was running about, a smart-looking little boy about seven years old and dressed in uniform. The uniform of the insurgent troops is made of cotton stuff with a thin blue and white stripe in it, whilst a few officers here and there, including the urbane A.D.C., wore kharki uniforms procured from Hong Kong. We were introduced to the Minister for War and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, neither of whom could have been more than twenty-five years of age. I asked where the money came from to fill the Treasury, and learnt that every native in the Philippines has to subscribe a percentage of his pay to Aguinaldo's

Government, and that, having none of the expenses of government beyond paying each soldier ten cents a day and providing him with arms and ammunition, the finances are in an exceedingly flourishing condition. Mr. Alliston was of opinion that the head of the Treasury was in a position to pay one million in cash down on the nail at that particular moment.

Thinking that the President, who was in great trouble over a high collar, which was apparently not anchored down to his shirt, and consequently kept riding up, had now had enough of us, we rose to depart, and Aguinaldo through his interpreter again expressed his pleasure at having met a British officer. Outside we found that the Cerberus of the halberd, having become bored with the whole proceedings, had fetched a couple of chairs, and was peacefully sleeping on them with his fateful weapon propped between his knees. And so to our auberge, lunch, siesta, and home by the evening train.

In Malolos we saw considerable numbers of Spanish prisoners, bare-headed, bare-footed, and in rags, performing all the most menial offices as domestic servants to individual natives or as public scavengers. Every railway station was guarded by insurgent troops, and every train at each station was carefully examined by them. Not even an American can travel without a passport, and the only safe and convenient nationality to assume is that of a British subject.

In the general outline of the history of the short

but stirring years of his life, which appears in another chapter, I have endeavoured to lay before the reader a more or less connected narrative of the career of Aguinaldo, who, be his faults and failings what they may, is certainly the most striking personality in Philippine history. He may be ignorant according to a civilised standard, he may appear stolid and wanting in quick intelligence, but if we judge men by their deeds rather than by the tittle-tattle of conventional criticism, Aguinaldo has, in the face of every disadvantage, and at the early age of twenty-nine, placed himself in the ranks of the great and acknowledged leaders of popular risings, which when unsuccessful are stigmatised as rebellions, but which when successful bear the honoured title of legitimate revolutions.

CHAPTER VII

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF CAVITÉ, MAY 1ST, 1898

War declared — Admiral Dewey takes the initiative — Inaction of the Spanish fleet — The Americans close down on Manila Bay — The conformation of the bay — Its defensive value — Admiral Dewey enters at midnight — Is fired on by the Corregidor batteries — Arrival of American fleet off Manila town at daylight — Search for the enemy's fleet — Discovered at Cavité — Action commences at about 8 A.M. — Spanish fleet being still at anchor suffers severely — Second attack of Americans — Demoralisation of Spanish fleet — Americans haul off for breakfast — 11 A.M. Spanish fleet finally disposed of, losing eleven ships and about 1,000 men — American losses nil — Incapacity of Spanish superior officers — Excellence of American plan of action.

WAR was declared between Spain and America on April 24th, 1898, and the first blow was struck by Admiral Dewey in the Bay of Manila on May 1st, a day which will be handed down in American history as the anniversary of the greatest naval victory hitherto won under the growing power of the Stars and Stripes. In anticipation of war the American Pacific Squadron, recruited up to a strength of seven ships, hedged away towards the Asiatic continent, partly to threaten the Spanish possessions in those regions, and partly to protect American commerce from the depredations of a powerful Spanish fleet, which was reported to be based on the Philippine Islands. The natural

course for a Spanish fleet so based to pursue in the event of war would have been to issue forth, and as a preliminary measure attack the enemy's commerce, which has grown to respectable dimensions in recent years in these waters. Having thus produced as great a moral and material effect as possible, an able strategist, finding himself unable to face a superior force, might then endeavour to elude the enemy's fleet, and making a bold stride either eastward or westward, join Cervera in the West Indies, and bring the American navy in those waters to action in the face of greatly superior numbers. Such a course would undoubtedly have left the Philippine Islands and the Eastern seas unguarded; but as the event proved the fleet was no protection, and unguarded as far as ships were concerned these regions might well have remained. Spanish trade carried in Spanish bottoms is, as far as the Philippines are concerned, infinitesimally small, and that modicum might, without dislocation or sensible interruption of trade, have been transferred to neutral ships. Her commerce thus safely arranged for, there remained only the danger of loss of territory, but such a danger as the event proved was more imaginary than real, for as history has frequently shown, and as was again emphasised on this occasion, a fleet cannot make good the theoretical capture of land territories without the assistance of an army to give practical effect to the capture. Thus, even after the whole of the Spanish fleet was destroyed, Admiral Dewey was unable to

actually seize Manila or exact any terms from the Spaniards until the American troops arrived three and a half months later. Much less would he have had the inclination or the power to exact any territorial concessions had Montojo's fleet been anywhere except at the bottom of the sea.

Many other plans of action would suggest themselves to an enterprising commander, but perhaps the worst possible course which the Spanish Admiral could have pursued was to remain at anchor in Manila Bay, and that course he proceeded to follow with an infatuation to be equalled only by that of the predestined victim when the python's gaze is fixed upon it. *Quos Deus vult perdere dementat*. Admiral Dewey, on the other hand, went to work in a clear-headed and sailor-like manner. His objective was not the enemy's commerce, for she had no commerce to speak of, not territorial acquisition, but the root and main-spring of the enemy's power—the enemy's fleet. Even the most sanguine commander cannot dare to hope that his opponent will, out of many alternatives, take the most unwise course which it is possible to follow, and, therefore, we may assume that the American Admiral had some anxious moments when, failing to hear of or meet the Spanish fleet elsewhere, he closed down on Manila Bay. The invention of steam and of submarine cables, and the extension of newspaper enterprise, has doubtless to some extent simplified the problems which hostile fleets have in modern war

to solve; but though not protracted to the same lengths as had to be endured in Nelson's days, an immense element of uncertainty still exists.

By the end of April, however, Admiral Dewey had with some hope assumed that the Spanish fleet still lay in the bay of Manila, and he made his dispositions for attack accordingly. Manila Bay may be classed almost as a small inland sea, being some 200 miles in circumference and 40 miles broad at its greatest width. The bay is roughly circular in shape, and the sea shore can be approached at all important points by ships of war of the largest tonnage within effective striking distance. The entrance to this bay can be effected from the open sea by two passages only, and between these entrances lies the island of Corregidor. The northern passage is about a mile, and the southern passage is about a mile and a half wide. The island of Corregidor is about a mile long, lying east and west. On the eastern shore of the bay and facing the entrance lies Manila, and on the south side and at first obscured from the view of an entering ship lies the small town and dockyard of Cavité. This brief description will suffice to show that Manila Bay is by nature remarkably favoured for defence against a fleet, unassisted by troops on land. The island of Corregidor is admirably situated for commanding both entrances to the bay, and might be made into a second, and more practically effective, Gibraltar. The entrances might be mined, and

both Manila and Cavité stand so far back as to lie beyond the reach of shot and shell from a fleet in the open sea. The defensive measures of the Spaniards appear not, however, to have exceeded the mild precaution of placing a few guns on Corregidor with a signal station and telegraph post, and the construction of a battery of three guns on a small black rock on the mainland to the south of and facing Corregidor. But mines or torpedoes there were none, and the fleet, instead of lying handy to defend this strong, natural barrier, lay miles away in the snug security of Cavité harbour.

After holding on and off, but out of sight, all day, the American Admiral at nightfall on April 30th slowly and cautiously approached the southern and narrower entrance, his ships being in single line ahead, with the flagship *Olympia* leading, two cables length between ships, and the rate of progress an outside speed of six knots an hour. The night was made fairly clear by a half moon hidden behind light flying clouds, and the sea was perfectly calm. At midnight the leading ship was abreast of Corregidor, which was very plainly visible at a distance of about one thousand yards, whilst the black rock lay some eight hundred yards away on the other quarter. Some time afterwards we passed through the same channel at very much the same hour, and under precisely similar conditions of light and weather; it was possible, therefore, with some accuracy to place one's self in imagination in exactly

the same position in which the Americans found themselves. The chief impression is that the three guns on the black rock, which are of the latest pattern and of formidable calibre, should have made undeniably good shooting at so large a target as the American squadron undoubtedly afforded at close range, but the battery did not fire a single shot; indeed, Admiral Dewey only learnt later that any such battery existed. It is difficult to exonerate the officer commanding the battery for this flagrant neglect of duty, for even the somewhat minor plea that the sentry was asleep would not for a moment hold water in face of the fact that the guns on Corregidor opened a fire which, though not heavy, was sufficient to awake the drowsiest sentry. We are, therefore, constrained to come to the conclusion that the officer commanding deliberately allowed the enemy's fleet to file slowly close past his battery without firing a shot. The guns on Corregidor, as already mentioned, opened a mild and ineffective fire, to which the Americans made no response, but steamed steadily and majestically into the bay.

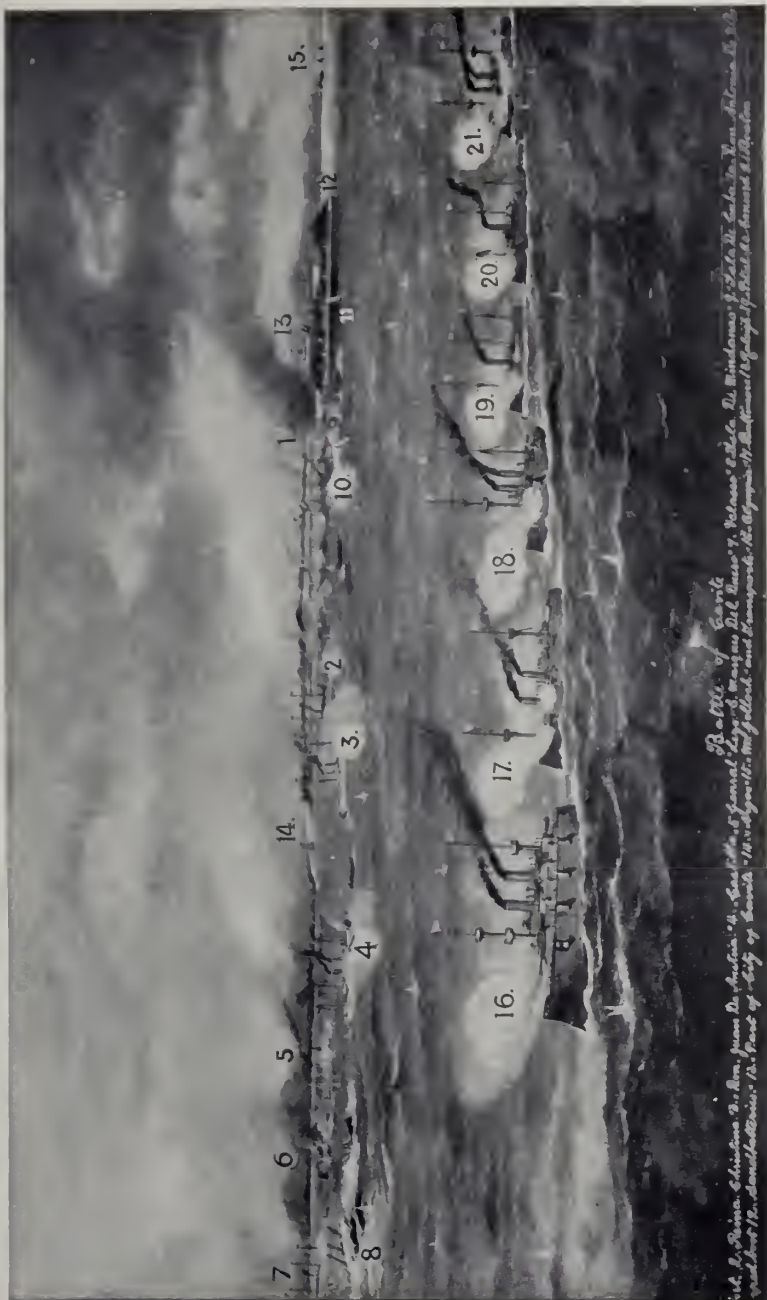
Not finding the Spanish fleet defending the mouth of the bay, Admiral Dewey considered that the next most likely place to find it would be in the anchorage which immediately faces Manila and covers the town. Holding on, therefore, at the same slow pace so as to avoid arriving before daylight, the American fleet, in the same order, headed for Manila. The anchorage where the Spanish fleet might have been

found was reached at dawn, and we may be sure that many hundred pairs of anxious eyes scanned every nook and corner for it. But to the surprise and disappointment of all, no hostile fleet could be seen. The moment was one of anxious surprise, and the heart-breaking thought must have occurred to many that the wily Don had, after all, given them the slip and put to sea. The absence of resistance at the bay's mouth, the non-appearance of torpedoes or mines, strengthened the opinion, and it was only when the light had somewhat increased that the welcome news ran round the fleet that the enemy's squadron was clearly visible about eight miles to the southward, and still apparently at anchor off Cavité.

The opposing squadrons, which were now within striking distance of each other and about to fight a decisive battle, were composed as follows:—On the American side there were six ships only, the *McCulloch* having been sent out of danger to the westward in charge of the colliers and transports which had accompanied the fleet. These six ships in order of battle were the *Olympia* (flagship), *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*; the heavier ships, it will be noticed, being in front and rear, whilst the weaker ones were in the centre of the line. The total tonnage of these six ships was 19,098 tons, and they carried, in all, 1,694 men and 53 guns in their main batteries. The Spanish squadron, on the other hand, consisted of eleven ships, but, ship for ship, of considerably lighter

metal than their opponents. These eleven ships were the *Reina Cristina* (flagship), *Don Juan de Austria*, *Castilla*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Argos*, *Isla de Luzon*, the *Isla de Mindanao*, a merchant ship converted into a cruiser, and finally a torpedo boat. The total tonnage of Admiral Montojo's eleven ships was 18,141 tons, carrying 1,734 men and 42 guns, but in addition the Spaniards had the benefit of the guns of Cavité fort and of a formidable sandbag battery, situated on a spit of land some thousand yards to the N.W. of Cavité.

Moving steadily across the bay, still in single line ahead, with the *Olympia* leading, the American fleet arrived abreast of the Spaniards at about 8 A.M. on May 1st, and passing the still anchored fleet, opened fire on it at a range of 4,000 yards. The fire of the Americans was noticed to be almost immediately effective, and one or two of the Spanish ships appeared to be in difficulties, whilst several had got up steam and were slipping their cables. The fire of the Spaniards, though well-sustained, was ill-directed, and inflicted no injury whatever on the ships of the American squadron. Both now and throughout the action, it was indeed noticeable that the Spanish gunners had not even learnt the rudiments of shooting at a moving object, for though the enemy's ships were steaming at a rate of barely six knots an hour, all the shots from the Spanish vessels fell behind the ships aimed at, and, conveniently enough, not wide enough to hit by mis-



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Naval Battle between the Americans and Spanish, May 1, 1898, off Cavité, in the Bay of Manila.

take the following ship. The sandbag battery, on the contrary, appears to have made very fair practice, — in fact, several American ships were hit by it, but not severely. The *Olympia*, the largest and most conspicuous ship in the fleet, standing as she does very high out of the water, was only hit once, and the impact was on this occasion so slight that the Admiral did not know that she had been hit at all until after the battle.

Passing on westwards by the sandbag battery the American Admiral circled outwards, and making an evolution in the shape of the head of a figure "8," again stood in towards the shore, and then turning eastward again raked the whole Spanish fleet as he passed along. On this tack he had closed in another 1,000 yards, so that the range was reduced to 3,000 yards, or perhaps a trifle under. After this second severe encounter the Spanish fleet was noticed to be in the greatest confusion: some ships were on fire, others sinking, and the whole in the most deplorable condition. The Spanish Admiral's flagship, the *Reina Cristina*, was on fire, and had been run ashore at the foot of Cavité fort, and the Admiral's flag had been transferred to the *Castilla*. The engines of this ship being out of order, she was anchored at the mouth of Cavité harbour with an outer belt of barges filled with sand lashed to her exposed broadside; she was now almost immediately sunk, taking down with her the Admiral's flag. The *General Lezo*, the *Marques del Duero*, and the *Velasco* were all in difficulties, and either

sinking or in flames. The *Don Juan de Austria*, almost alone, still showed fight.

Seeing the Spanish fleet in this sorry plight, Admiral Dewey now stood out into the bay and piped all hands to breakfast, a welcome order, for the men needed food and rest much, having been continuously at quarters since dusk the night before. At 11 o'clock he again stood in towards Cavité, and sending in his lighter ships completed the entire destruction of the Spanish fleet.

A good deal has been said and written about the gallantry of the Spaniards, and that meed of praise need not be dimmed in so far as the rank and file, the sailors, marines, and lesser officers, are concerned. They fought in sinking rat-traps, the victims of gross incompetence on the part of their superior officers and criminal neglect on the part of those in power, be they admirals or ministers of Government. Montojo himself appears to have been an embodiment of the class of superior officer to which Spain entrusts her armies and fleets. A man of suave and courteous manners, but too old for any profession but that of a dignitary of the Church. He neglected the most manifest alternative, the defence of the Corregidor channels. With from four to eight hours' warning he could devise no more spirited action than to remain with his ships like a flock of maimed ducks at anchor, and his resistance was as feeble as his tactics. On the other hand, we are informed that he waved his sword with great ferocity from the stern of the

boat which was taking him on shore, where his carriage and pair were ready waiting to carry him to Manila, fourteen miles away from the fleet which he had with culpable negligence lost, and from the sight of a thousand corpses of brave men whom his incapacity had sacrificed. Had Montojo gone to the bottom with his comrades on the flagship he would at any rate have died a brave man; living he must for the short remainder of his days exist only as one of the pitiable monuments of a nation's decay.

On the American side the whole conception and execution of the operation leaves nothing to be desired. With great boldness Admiral Dewey forced the mouth of a harbour which should have been well-nigh impregnable, at once sought out his enemy, and manœuvring at a range which gave to his guns their full advantage, brought the battle to a sharp and decisive termination.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA, AUGUST 13TH, 1898

Unreadiness of America for war — The army in the hands of politicians — Such tardy mobilisation a serious handicap if opposed to a ready enemy — Troops ready and sanction for attack given August 7th — Ultimatum sent to Spaniards allowing forty-eight hours for removal of non-combatants — Extension of twenty-four hours given — Advance of August 10th frustrated by the destruction of a bridge — Agreement between Americans and Spaniards regarding the attack of August 13th — Owing to unavoidable circumstances some loss incurred on both sides — A regrettable incident — The Americans hoist the Stars and Stripes and take over the Spanish outposts.

FOR upwards of three months from the date of his victory Admiral Dewey had to contain his soul in patience awaiting the arrival of troops from America, for the declaration of war found the American army in a state of great unpreparedness. It was contrary alike to the policy, and perhaps even to the intention of the American nation to go to war with a foreign power, the people having become so accustomed to the picturesquely exaggerated language of the newspapers, which had already bluffed them through one or two narrow straits, that they looked on war as an eventuality which, however near to their unfortunate fellow beings on the

European Continent, was for them, the free enlightened prophets of a new evangelism, a subject merely for light-hearted banter. That such was not the opinion of the heads of the army itself all who have met the American professional soldier can readily vouch for; but the army and navy of America and their welfare are not in the hands of well-trying sages of the military and naval services, but are like many other vital matters — the shuttlecocks of political parties. The American standing army consists of 25,000 men, which theoretically forms the nucleus of that polite fiction which is known as a nation in arms. In such an arrangement, combining as it does economy with the practical non-existence of a standing army, no calculation had however been made for the one off-chance which has actually occurred, the assumption of offensive operations across the sea. With a couple of army corps required in Cuba and one in the Philippines, it became at once apparent that the regular army could by no possible means of expansion meet the necessary requirements. Recourse had therefore to be had to volunteering; in other words, hurried enlistment of raw recruits, these recruits being invited to join the various cadres of local corps, known in peace time as National Guards. Hastily, however, as these corps were called into being, there appears to have been no difficulty in securing the right stamp of men and in sufficient numbers, for the terms of enlistment were light and the pay good. Indeed, in most cases the corps were complete in

men weeks before their arms or equipment could be issued to them. Without for a moment wishing to criticise too severely a force thus thrown together, under officers without standing experience or training, and remembering well what excellent troops men of the same nation were transformed into in the course of a prolonged campaign by leaders like Washington, Lee, or Grant, yet it would be only inviting the Americans to court future disaster if an outside critic were to refrain from expressing an opinion that such troops are not fit under the rapid conditions of modern warfare to meet an army highly organised and highly trained, and ready to take the initiative at a moment's notice. Of the 21,000 men who composed the army corps which was finally despatched to the Philippines, 18,000 were in training, tactical efficiency, and shooting power, to all intents and purposes, according to a European standard, raw or almost raw recruits. The uninitiated talk glibly of sending 20,000 men here or 20,000 men there; they settle the port of embarkation; they explain how easy the whole arrangement is, a mere taking of so many tickets on so many accommodating ships which are perfectly ready there and then to voyage anywhere. It is only those who have experienced the immense difficulty of procuring suitable vessels in suitable numbers without prolonged delay who can appreciate the immense strain which falls on a War Department inexperienced in such undertakings. Considering, therefore, that the Philippine Army Corps had practically to be raised, equipped, and despatched as

part and parcel of one and the same undertaking, we may consider the landing of the troops on the scene of operations at the end of three months by no means an insignificant success. But, again, we should be doing the Americans an unkindness if we allowed it to be thought that such tardy mobilisation would not put them under the severest disadvantages if their antagonists happened to be any one of the first-class Powers of the world. The Philippine Army Corps sailed for the west in four detachments, and as soon as three of these had arrived and had effected an unopposed landing on the shores of Manila Bay, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt considered that the time had now arrived for pressing the Spaniards to capitulate. The sanction of the President of the United States to the proposed movement was received on August 7th, and in pursuance of the instructions received, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt on the noon of that day sent an ultimatum to the Spanish commander, explaining that unless the town capitulated it would be impossible to further postpone the bombardment of the place as a preliminary to a general assault. On the grounds of humanity the American commanders, however, would allow an interval of forty-eight hours to elapse so that the non-combatants might have an opportunity of escaping. The Spanish Governor, in thanking the Americans for their humane sentiments, pointed out that the city was closely hemmed in by land and sea, and that there was no place of refuge to which the sick and wounded women and children as well as non-com-

batant men could be removed. At the same time, through the agency of the British Consul, the assistance of the Americans was asked to facilitate the removal of several thousand priests besides the other refugees to American or neutral ships in the harbour, but the Governor failed to suggest how such large numbers of people should be fed on board ship, and certainly the town could stand no strain on its resources. These negotiations, though they had no result, gained for the Spaniards an extension of twenty-four hours' grace over and above the forty-eight hours originally granted.

This brought matters to August 10th, and on the morning of that day the American fleet advanced in order to take part in the combined attack; but at the last moment it was found that the Spaniards had broken the only bridge on that flank whereby a small river could be crossed by the American troops to the attack of Manila. This *contretemps* threw the operations back three days, during which interval a satisfactory arrangement was arrived at with the Spaniards whereby the town was to be saved from bombardment, and the Americans, after the brief show of resistance which would satisfy Spanish honour, were to be allowed to enter and occupy the place. According to this arrangement the American fleet was for the space of an hour or so to shell the Polverina or Powder Magazine, now more generally known as the Malate Fort, which lies about half-a-mile to the south of the Malate suburb. At the end of the given period the fleet was to cease firing, and



[To face page 95,
American Troops advancing along the Sea-shore to attack Manila. Aug. 13, 1898, supported by
the Fleet, which may be seen in the Distance.

the Spanish Governor would then hoist the white flag in token of capitulation, after which the American troops were to enter the town and occupy it.

In pursuance of this arrangement the American fleet opened fire on the *Polverina* at about 9 A.M. on August 13th, and continued to shell that spot for the allotted period, the Spanish troops having previously evacuated it. At the end of the time agreed signals were hoisted to cease firing, and all eyes were turned on the town in search of the white flag, but none was visible. It appeared afterwards that the white flag had been hoisted according to agreement, but unfortunately was so placed as to have a white background, whilst by the direction of the wind the sheet blew straight away from the fleet. After, therefore, allowing a decent interval the American Admiral again opened fire, but almost immediately afterwards the white flag was discovered. Meanwhile, however, the renewal of the fire of the fleet had somewhat puzzled the troops on shore, who thinking that some hitch had occurred advanced rather prematurely and came into action with the Spanish troops. The collision resulted in nothing more serious than an unfortunate and unnecessary skirmish in which some sixteen Americans were killed and thirty wounded. The Spaniards then withdrew along the *Camino Real* into Manila, and the American troops followed on their heels. Meanwhile the insurgents, the allies of the Americans, who encircled the city at all points except at the actual point of the American impact, as agreed upon, stood

still in their trenches facing all round the Spanish outposts. At four o'clock the American flag was hoisted on Fort San Juan and the capitulation was completed. The humane sentiment of the American commanders, who thus, with as little loss of blood as possible on either side, effected the desired end, is much to be commended. But the troops, who apparently knew nothing of the arrangement, were in deadly earnest, and the loiterer in any of the saloons of the city might, many weeks afterwards, draw forth picturesque descriptions of the desperate nature of the encounter. Indeed, in the excess of its zeal one of the volunteer regiments is reported to have fired away the whole of its ammunition, that is to say, 100 rounds per man. The day did not close, however, before a most regrettable incident occurred. The town had capitulated and the American flag had been hoisted, when an American regiment, standing at ease in quarter column, happened to be drawn up outside one of the bastions; into this mass of men a Spanish soldier from the bastion fired two rounds at about 100 yards' range and killed two soldiers, and then mixing with his own troops inside the town was never discovered. To protect the town and suburbs from pillage it became necessary for the American troops to take over the outposts, which up till now had been held by the Spaniards, and this precaution had curiously enough to be taken, not against the Spanish party, but against Aguinaldo's troops, who were the allies of the Americans. During this operation the curious

spectacle might be seen of American officers, unarmed, strolling about among the Spanish outpost troops, whilst only a few hundred yards off, still encircling the city, stood the bulk of the late besiegers. The attitude of distrust for their allies naturally raised the bitter resentment of Aguinaldo and his troops, but on the whole it is doubtful whether any other course was open to the Americans, for however well-intentioned Aguinaldo himself and his chief officers might be, their forces were not well enough in hand for them to have completely controlled them had they, in the flush of victory, been allowed to burst into Manila.

Thus ended the second and final phase of the American conquest of the Philippines, for with the fall of Manila fell also the Spanish sovereignty.

CHAPTER IX

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE MILITARY GOVERNOR

Admiral Dewey illustrates the writings of Captain Mahan—The Admiral on the *Olympia*—His appearance and manner—His modest narrative of the naval battle—Straightforward tactics—Unreadiness of the Spaniards—High eulogy of Sir Edward Chichester—A European war in the bay—"No sea manners"—Raising the sunken ships—The rewards of a Republican Admiral—"A clean sweep"—A sharp rebuff for the Germans—The Admiral considers annexation wise—Cordial feeling for England—The Military Governor—Difficulty in arranging mercantile problems—The drawback of a volunteer force—The courtesy of the Adjutant-General—Percentage of sick—A valuable picture.

ONE of the first visits paid in Manila was to the Admiral of the American fleet in these waters, the gallant naval officer who illustrated so emphatically at Cavité the writings of his distinguished countryman, Captain Mahan, on the preponderating influence of a sea power upon history. In their proper places have been described the great naval battle of Cavité and the bombardment and capture of Manila, whilst here we will confine ourselves to a pleasant retrospect of an hour's talk with that most charming and courteous American gentleman, Admiral Dewey. It is difficult, without appearing fulsome, to praise a man to his face, and therefore if these lines should meet Admiral Dewey's eyes, I

must ask his pardon. To the rest of the world no apology is due.

Under the awning at the stern of the line of the battleship *Olympia*, with a cool and pleasant land breeze blowing, I found Admiral Dewey seated with the captain of the *Olympia*, looking out on the bay with the calm and happy air of a man who has made history and can afford to rest on his laurels. Receiving me with the greatest cordiality and kindness, he introduced me to the captain, and then we three sat down, and the conversation became general. The Admiral is a clean-built, well-set, and powerful man, standing about 5 feet 9 inches in height, clean shaved but for a grey moustache, which gives a touch of the soldier to the old American sailor. A handsome man with a remarkably pleasant and genial face, strong, steady eyes, alert, active, and ready, a great commander born and bred. Yet withal a more modest man it would be impossible to meet as he described in the most graphic and entirely natural manner how he placed eleven formidable Spanish men-of-war at the bottom of the sea.

There are many lesser men than Admiral Dewey, who perhaps naturally in the glamour of victory assume a prescience little short of divine, whereby the reader or listener is imbued with Napoleonic notions regarding heaven-born geniuses, stars of good fortune, predestined successes, and the like. Travelling across in the launch, I was talking to an American officer about the battle, and he made

the remark, "Dewey knew right enough that the Spanish fleet lay at Cavité, and he only went across to Manila to draw them out to more favourable manœuvring ground; and when he found that they would not come out, he steamed up and down so as to give them plenty of time to get ready before he attacked them." And such I found a very prevalent notion amongst the troops on shore. But Admiral Dewey would have nothing of the flattering tale. He said he went straight for Manila, because he thought he should find the Spanish fleet there, and he experienced some moments of anxiety at dawn when his enemy was not visible at the expected point. Directly, however, the light was strong enough to make out the Spanish fleet at Cavité, only seven or eight miles distant across the bay, like a sensible commander he went straight for it, ready or not ready. As a matter of fact, the Admiral considers that the Spaniards were not ready in a true fighting sense, an unreadiness due not to surprise but to culpable negligence. The entry of the American fleet had been signalled from the island of Corregidor, which bars the entrance to Manila Bay, at midnight, and the Spanish Admiral had had from four to six hours in which to make his preparations. Possibly, therefore, the most suitable place for a fleet which cannot get into fighting trim in from four to six hours' time is its present position — at the bottom of the sea.

With the growing prospects of an Anglo-American alliance, it will be gratifying to the British

public to hear that Admiral Dewey speaks in terms of the warmest friendship for the British navy. Apart from broader questions, it may be mentioned that this warmth of feeling is in no small degree due to the judicious and statesmanlike demeanour of Captain Sir Edward Chichester, of H.M.S. *Immortalité*, who was the senior British naval officer on the spot during the most troublous times. Again and again Admiral Dewey mentioned his name, and each time in a manner which brought home the honesty and sincerity of his regard for this officer, and admiration for the manner in which he had filled an exceedingly difficult position. As the Admiral remarked, "I never saw such fire-eaters as we had here; I thought we were going to have a European war in the bay!" Sir Edward Chichester will, I trust, forgive me for repeating a *bon mot* ascribed to him, which is going the round in Manila. It appears that a German man-of-war, without any formalities, steamed into the bay during the blockade, and made for the anchorage as if the whole place was a German seaport. As is probably known to most people, and as is only right and proper, neutrals have by the rules of naval warfare no rights whatever in a blockaded port, except by the courtesy of the blockading power. Admiral Dewey, therefore, acted perfectly correctly in firing a shot across the German's bows, and ordering her to heave to. The enraged German captain, with all his feathers flying the wrong way, went forth-with on board H.M.S. *Immortalité*, and explaining

his grievance, asked Captain Chichester's advice. The British officer, well versed in naval etiquette, at once pointed out to the German captain that he had placed himself in the wrong by ignoring the American flag, and that a handsome apology was the best way out of the deadlock. Having thus smoothed the feelings of one side, the British captain went to Admiral Dewey and explained that the slight to the American flag was unintentional, and probably due only to ignorance of naval etiquette. "You see, sir," he added, "the Germans have got *no sea manners*."

Several of the sunken Spanish warships Admiral Dewey proposes raising and adding to the American navy. "And mind you," he added, "though a lot of kind people want to have them called the 'Dewey' and other names connected with me personally, I won't have it at any price. They shall keep their present names, and go down in our navy as a record of the past, in the same way as the glorious old names of captured French and Spanish ships have become household words in the British navy." At the same time, whilst honouring this noble and unselfish sentiment, let us hope that the "Dewey" will be the name of one of the new American warships now on the stocks, and form one of an "admiral" class as illustrious in American history of the future as ships like the *Nelson*, *Howe*, *Rodney*, *Anson*, and *Collingwood* are by association in our own fleet.

Talking of the rewards open to a successful com-

mander in the service of a Republic, I asked Admiral Dewey what his reward would be for his naval victory, and added that he would certainly have been made a peer under a monarchy. "Yes, I suppose I should have been," he remarked simply; "but I have been very amply rewarded, for I see from the papers that the Senate has voted me a sword of honour, though, mind you, I have not heard a word about it myself. And my friends tell me they hope to secure my promotion to the rank of rear-admiral. I am only a commodore now, and perhaps they will give me a medal too. Besides, every one has been most kind to me, and you won't credit the number of flattering little presents that I have received." Here was republican simplicity with a vengeance: a sword, a medal, and perhaps a step of rank for winning a great naval victory!

Amongst the many little presents which the Admiral showed me was a new broom decorated with the stars and stripes, and embroidered with the inscription, "A CLEAN SWEEP. To Admiral Dewey, from the Nu Club of Boston." He also brought out a handsome little carved baton and cigar case, presented to him by Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader and ally of America during the war, together with a very cordial letter which accompanied them.

Illustrative of Admiral Dewey's promptness and grasp of situation, a minor incident may be mentioned. A letter was received one evening from Aguinaldo, saying that he had attempted to land on a certain

small island in the bay and to take possession of it, together with some Spanish prisoners who had been left there, but had been prevented from carrying out the operation by the German man-of-war, the *Irene*, the captain of which ship appears to have been a singularly indiscreet person. The Admiral, European complications or no complications, very naturally resented this second infraction of "sea manners," and calling on board the captains of the *Raleigh* and *Boston*, gave them explicit orders to proceed at once to the scene of dispute, and to land troops on the island *at all hazards*. These instructions were literally and promptly executed. The two American war-vessels cleared for action, ran up their fighting pennants, and bore down in all earnestness upon the good German. The local emblem of the "mailed fist" had hardly bargained for this exceeding prompt and robust action, and cleared out with more haste than decency, some say slipping his cable in his hurry, and left Aguinaldo and the Americans to effect the necessary capture. Judging from the general behaviour of the Germans recently in these waters, they are perhaps a little liable to forget that though they have a colossal and probably good army, their navy is very low in the scale of sea power. Argument on land, backed by a couple of million soldiers, is liable to be effective, but a couple of million soldiers are not of the least advantage in an argument at sea.

Admiral Dewey's firm attitude, backed up as it no doubt was by the moral support of British

naval opinion on the spot, went far to clear the atmosphere and to make sufficiently apparent to all and sundry that he meant to take his rights as a belligerent capable of insisting upon them, and that he would brook interference from no one. In the extraordinary and unwarrantable behaviour of the Germans lay the chief danger to the general peace, but German bluster was met with quiet dignity by the American commander, who showed the most undaunted front and clearly declared that if the Germans did not as neutrals adhere to the laws of neutrals, he should fire on them. "But that, sir, would mean war with Germany," said the horror-stricken German Admiral. "I am perfectly aware of the fact," was the suave reply of Admiral Dewey. When the question of the bombardment of Manila was under discussion, a matter which lay entirely between the belligerents, and which remained for them and them alone to decide, the German Admiral was again on the point of exceeding his rights as a neutral in interfering, and with a view to ascertaining whether the British squadron would support him, he visited Sir Edward Chichester and asked what action he proposed taking in the event of the Americans bombarding the town. "That, sir, is known only to Admiral Dewey and myself," was Sir Edward Chichester's polite but crushing reply, a reply which did more than much diplomacy towards furthering the prospects of a pan-Anglo-Saxon alliance. When at the end of the troubles

the *Immortalité* on her way to Hong Kong steamed out of the bay, every ship in the American fleet manned her yards and gave the British man-of-war three cheers as she passed along; and she with the answering signal, "Thank you," flying at her mast-head, went on her way, having with skill and judgment upheld the honour of the British navy and the British nation so that all that sail may see. Before parting with Admiral Dewey, I asked him what was his candid opinion, taken on the broadest possible grounds, as to the wisdom or otherwise of a permanent occupation of the Philippines by the Americans. After thinking carefully for a minute he replied, "I do honestly think that the retention of these islands would be the wisest course to pursue. American trade is next to the British the most important in China and the Far East, and to foster, protect, and increase that trade we want that local influence in these waters which actual occupation can alone ensure."

With a warm shake of the hand and the most cordially expressed sentiments towards the Old Country, the Admiral handed me over to the officer on duty, leaving behind an impression of esteem, regard, and admiration which it is difficult for me to sufficiently express. In self-defence and anticipating an accusation of emotional enthusiasm, it may be useful to record that far from verging toward hero worship, it was a cause of solemn complaint by one of my commanding officers that I had a hollow in

my head where the bump of veneration ought to be! And such, dear reader, to let you into a phrenological secret, is indeed the case!

In the palace which stands in the centre of the walled fortress, the American Military Governor and Commander of the Land Forces, at the time of my visit, swayed the sceptre which governed Manila and its suburbs. During the absence of General Merritt at the Peace Conference, this onerous and highly responsible duty fell to the lot of the next senior officer, General Otis. I was introduced to the Governor by the Adjutant-General, Colonel Barry, and found him busy with some of his staff officers in a very handsome and lofty room at the south end of the second floor of the palace. Around the walls were life-sized pictures of the various Dons who had been his predecessors in that regal apartment, and the ghosts thereof were possibly glaring in horror, surprise, and impotent rage at the military chief of the victorious *Americanos* seated quietly at their old desk issuing orders. General Otis is a veteran of the Civil War, in which he saw much fighting and gained much useful experience as an officer of infantry. He received me with the same kindness and cordiality as did Admiral Dewey, and at once entered into free and friendly converse. As may be imagined, the governorship of an important capital, in addition to the command of upwards of 20,000 troops, is a combined task which tries highly even so able an officer as General Otis. As he jocularly remarked, "You Englishmen are the ones

that give me my most difficult work. Your countrymen have extensive trading interests in the southern islands, and in the present undecided state of affairs it is most difficult for me to help them. However, by certain temporary arrangements, whereby the ships of certain Spanish companies come under the American flag, I have every hope of meeting as far as possible the wishes of all." Speaking of his troops the General pointed out the natural difficulties which must arise in a force consisting of 18,000 volunteers to only 3,000 regular troops. A volunteer, given constant and continuous service before the enemy, as in '63, is rapidly moulded into the most valuable soldier. But the work of an army of occupation naturally tries an undisciplined soldiery very highly, and the work of keeping the machinery running becomes stupendous. Be this as it may, and speaking as an outside observer removed from the small worries of the inner working, I feel bound to record the fact that a better-behaved, more orderly set of men than these 18,000 volunteers could not be found in any captured city. True, the men went about in every description of clothing or lack of clothing, and were often dirty and unkempt; but external appearance apart, their behaviour and demeanour was excellent, and I had every opportunity of judging, for our lodging was in the very thick of them, and possibly two or three thousand passed our window daily.

Fearing that I might be encroaching on valuable time, I only stayed a few minutes with the Governor,

but instead inflicted what was, I am afraid, a very long visit on the Adjutant-General. This officer most kindly and carefully explained to me on a map the position of the troops, and showed me how the city was held. He also gave me much useful information about the troops, and mentioned that there were at that date twelve per cent. in hospital, the majority of cases being those of typhoid and diarrhœa, whilst there were also some twenty cases of small-pox. Over the Adjutant-General's desk hung a very beautiful and remarkable oil-painting, apparently only recently finished, for it was unframed, representing an incident in the past history of the country. I recommended the Adjutant-General to transfer that picture as soon as possible to his ancestral halls in America.

CHAPTER X

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

My first acquaintance — A Valhalla — In a superb and king-like manner — What wash ? — An ignominy discharge — Crosby's hospitality — My brother pearl — My friend of the hospital corps — " Trained to nursin' ? snakes, no ! " — The fluffy major — Souvenir gals — Margueritas — " Britishers counts as officers " — A public school and Varsity man — Late of Jameson's raid — A lady's shopping excursion — Idaho Joe — The two Nebraska boys — Pennsylvania beats North Dakota — Popularity of Queen Victoria — Pay of the soldier — Clothing allowance — Untidy but well behaved — Like Tommy Atkins he is devoted to beer — Sun helmets recommended — A regiment voting for members of Congress — The colonel at the tail of the poll — Orderly room on election day — American liberty and political bondage — A pleasing and cordial farewell.

I MET my first friend in the American army, or, to be more exact, late of the American army, in the Colorado Saloon in the Escolta at Manila. A brilliant row of five electric lights across the side-path attracted attention to the Colorado Saloon, and a sufficiently long tunnel led to its gorgeous interior. Here in a huge square hall must have been placed at least one hundred small tables, and at each table were at least four American soldiers drinking " ice cold " beer. On the right, and just before gaining access to this Valhalla, were to be observed three



Group of American Soldiers, illustrating the Variety of Costumes worn.

individuals enthroned on high, at least four feet above the heads of ordinary mortals, and chewing cigars in a superb and king-like manner. They might have been royalties supplied with a special dais, they might only have been the proprietors of the palace within, but in reality they were no better than you and I: they were only having their boots cleaned.

Once entered into this abode of bliss and Schlitz's Milwaukee beer, I was looking round for a vacant seat, when an obliging official, clothed in a decidedly unwashed jersey and with a remarkably dirty rough towel cast negligently about his neck, invited me to a seat just vacated, and asked what wash I wanted. Grasping the allusion with elegant alacrity, I ordered a small bottle of Schlitz, which in due course arrived, and for which the charge was forty cents Mexican. The beer was excellent, and without a doubt "ice-cold," no mean attribute in a Manila climate in October, and I should have thoroughly enjoyed it but for the embarrassing feeling that a very large number of eyes were upon me, and that a great many tongues were saying, "Who the h—ll is that?" Disguised in the ordinary costume of a British officer on leave, one would in most places have passed unnoticed, but amongst 400 soldiers in various stages of undress, one felt rather like a man in a top hat and frock coat fielding point at Lord's.

My friend of the jersey and bath towel, who, by the way, was one of the waiters, at once gauging the

situation and the public feeling, seated himself at my table and remarked confidentially, "I calc'late there's no dam good at people settin' opposite each other and wonderin' who's who; my name's Crosby, an' I got an ignominy discharge from the army three days after landin'; and who may you be?" I explained briefly who I was, and whence I came. "That's so?" said my friend, and departed to distribute drinks and disseminate the information.

But a slack time came soon, and with it Crosby drifted back to my table and asked what I would have to drink. Taking this as a broad hint that I had failed in my duty towards him, I exceeded the truth in so far as to declare that he had forestalled me by a second only, and that it was necessary that the drinks should be at my expense. This well-meant device, however, far from meeting the occasion, raised the American eagle in Crosby, and I was ordered to instantly drink at his expense or die an unhappy death.

Now I take it that in England, or in most other countries, if one was seized upon by an exceeding powerful waiter and ordered to drink beer at his expense, one might naturally conclude that some later developments were pending, that a confidence trick of some sort was perhaps brewing. Such certainly was the unworthy thought which crossed my brain, but let me hasten to add most unjustly, for no more disinterestedly hospitable fellow than Crosby could be met. To beer he insisted on adding sandwiches and cigars, at the end of which

he poured personal praises, not only on my own unworthy head, but also on the united head of the whole British nation. This general eulogy led Crosby to suddenly recollect that he had met just as good, or nearly as good, a fellow as I was that very afternoon; an Englishman, too, and it was perfectly imperative that two such pearls of creation should know each other. "He lives just up the 'Scolta, and you must help me out of this saloon to take you up. Jus' look over my right shoulder; that's the Boss. Kep your eye on him, and when he ain't looking tip me the office and I'll slip out; then you foller negligent like." I obeyed to the letter, and between us we eluded the Boss, and got into the street. Three doors up we entered another saloon, and there behind the bar was my brother pearl. I was introduced to him. He was a cross between a Bombay cook-boy and a Chinese washer-man.

Travelling over in the ferry-boat to Cavit , a full private in the hospital corps, but clothed only in an unclean shirt, brown canvas trousers, and a jim crow hat, lolled to the seat beside me, and offered me half a cocoa-nut. I had just breakfasted, and could not wrestle with a cocoa-nut; he also had just breakfasted, but was always that durnation hungry that he had to spend all his pay in buying food to supplement his ration. Pay? He got as a hospital orderly \$21 gold a month, and \$10 a month clothing allowance. "But I don't wear no clos, and am best part of \$40 to credit, an' I'll draw

that in a dump on discharge. How long did I take on for? ony as long as the war lasts. I was up prospecting Klondike way, and had just cleared down with five dollars in my pocket when I took on this job. Trained to nursin'? snakes, no; jus' does odd jobs roun' hospital, fetch the boys drinks, change the bedding and the likes. How do I manage to get away for a whole day like this? Why, I just wanders out, keerless like, and takes my chance. I'm no army man, but from what I seen of it every one in the army worries around too much; they put themselves out and get hot like. What I says is, let them what wants to, worry, and them what doesn't, don't. So when I goes out without passport, Lord bless yer, I don't worry, I leaves that to the major. Get punished? Wal, I do sometimes. Sometimes so happens that the major's fluffly when I gets back, and orders me for court-martial. Court-martials is nothin' serious; sometimes I gets reprimanded and sometimes I gets fined a couple of dollars, and afterwards the major comes outside and shakes hands, and it's all right again. What regiment do them chaps belong to? Can't say, nobody knows but themselves. Regimental badges; yes, they had regimental badges, but I guess they left them with their souvenir gals in 'Frisco." Further, entering on the delicate subject of the health of the troops, a matter perhaps distantly allied with the future welfare of the souvenir gals, I inquired whether there was much disease. It appeared that there

was. "Snakes, yes! them margueritas is shockin' diseased. What's a marguerita? Why, the straight un's are señoritas, an' the bosky un's margueritas. My son (solemnly), steer clear o' 'em." At this moment a sailor came on to the poop and said, "Now, then, clear out, only officers allowed on this deck." I was for clearing down with my friend to the waist when the same sailor stopped me with, "Britishers counts as officers, you stop right thar."

Sitting on the Luneta with my legs dangling over the sea wall, and looking lazily out towards H.M.S. *Bonaventure* at anchor in the roads, a shadow fell across my legs, and a very pronounced Yankee twang asked, "Wal, stranger, and where may you be from?" "I am on leave from India; and who may you be?" The twang and all traces of Yankeedom departed as the new arrival swung down beside me saying, "My dear fellow, I knew by your clothes, by your hat, by your collar and tie, by everything about you, that you were a Britisher, and so am I, and devilish glad to meet you. How did I come to be in the American service? Drifted there like many others; why, I believe there are more Englishmen in the army and navy than there are true-born Americans, and very nearly as many Germans. I was a Rugby man, and did a couple of years at Oxford till the governor's cash and patience gave out; then I was shipped off to South Africa and got mixed up in that blessed Jameson raid business which was to have made all our fortunes,

and in the end broke most of us. There was no luck for me in South Africa, and having got pretty low by this time, I worked my way across to the southern ports as cook's mate, and a demmed dirty job it was, and so up to New York. Neither New York nor any other place in the States is the place for a pauper; if you have money, good; if you have friends, also good; if you have both money and friends, then very good, but with neither friends nor money, God help you. Just then they were calling for volunteers for the Philippine expedition, so I just pocketed my nationality and took service in the Montana Infantry, and here I am. Naturalisation papers be blowed; I became for the occasion the son of poor but honest English parents now settled in North Dakota, and was taken straight. Uncle Sam can't be bothered scouring the country after the genealogical tree of every recruit who comes up for enlistment. Oh! no, I am not going to become an American, I am much too fond of the Old Country; I am only booked for this job during the war, and that's over now, so I may be off any day." I took the opportunity of asking with reference to my first-made friend Crosby, whether there was anything much that went against a man who got an "ignominy discharge," and ascertained that if you were to parade a regiment of regulars, all three-year term men, and were to offer them a choice between twenty-five years' compulsory service and an ignominy discharge, they would to a man take the twenty-five year alternative. "So-long,

pard, I'm for patrol now," and with his recovered cloak of Yankeedom my new friend rolled lazily away. It is quite extraordinary how easily the Yankee accent is acquired and how easily it is put off. An American gentleman will amongst his own people talk perhaps with a slight twang, but put him amongst English people and in a few days he drops it entirely, only relapsing occasionally of set purpose to give point perhaps to an American expression.

Whilst I was away at Malolos, interviewing Aguinaldo, my wife sallied forth into the streets of Manila to look for likely photographs wherewith to illustrate this book. Now in a captured town simply flooded with soldiery, on every side path hundreds of them, one might expect it to be unpleasant for a lady to walk about shopping alone, but to the great and honourable credit of the American soldier, such is not the case in a town held by American troops. On the contrary, a lady walking alone receives from all the most unvaried courtesy. A knot of soldiers, suddenly met round a corner, immediately efface themselves against the wall, and, hat in hand, make room for the lady to pass. The slightest assistance required is offered and given almost before asked for, and I verily believe that if one man in the street forgot himself, the other few hundred present would immediately deposit him head first in the river. Arrived at the first photograph shop, my wife looked through the Spaniard's stock, and not seeing what she wanted, asked the proprietor if he had not

photographs more nearly connected with recent events. No; such photographs were not procurable; none had been taken. In the shop was an American soldier, who, overhearing the shopkeeper's reply, came up and, taking off his hat, said: "Excuse me, marm, I knows of a shop close by where you can get what you wants, an' I'll show you the way." So off went Idaho Joe, clothed in an old shirt, unclean duck trousers, and a jim crow hat, and my lady in her best clothes and most superior hatting, and made their way up the fashionable street of the town together with perfect naturalness. Arrived at the second photographer's shop, a few purchases were made, in the making of which two more soldiers, who described themselves as Nebraska boys, took a passing interest. But they remarked, "These ain't no socks alongside what we knows of up town." So Idaho Joe took off his hat and departed, and the two Nebraska boys became an escort to madam. "You're an American lady, maybe, marm?" said one. "No? English are ye, and your husband an officer in the British Army? What regiment's he in? Guides' Cavalry is he, and what kind o' men does he command?" Whereupon all necessary details were explained, which brought forth the encomium, "My, they must be stingers!" Arrived at the entrance to a narrow street, the Nebraska boys said that this was no place for a lady to be knocking about in looking for houses, and that as they were not quite certain of their bearings, they would reconnoitre and come back and fetch her, if my lady would be good

enough to stay "right thar" in the main thoroughfare. After a preliminary skirmish round, followed by a general reconnaissance, the Nebraska boys returned to say it was all right, and that they had located the house, and could make a straight march on it. So the quaint little party again moved off, found the required photographs, and parted with the greatest politeness on both sides. I make no apology for introducing this little incident, throwing as it does a side-light, and perhaps it will be allowed a very pleasing side-light, on the character of the American soldier.

Walking down one fine evening towards the Luneta and the small swampy field behind it which has to serve as a parade as well as recreation ground for the whole garrison, we were suddenly met by an avalanche of horsed vehicles, each driven at top speed by an American soldier, each head on to the nearest saloon, and each containing its utmost carrying capacity of the same excellent fellows. The driver of each vehicle and all the occupants thereof were yelling like Sioux Indians, and the passers-by were somewhat puzzled to know what it all meant. Stepping into an adjacent guardhouse whilst the storm rolled by, we asked the sentry what this demonstration signified. Up to the moment of that inquiry the sentry perhaps took us for fairly respectable individuals, but with that question we fell to regions beneath contempt. "Lord alive, man," he said, "why, the Pennsylvania boys has beat North Dakota." And so they had, and at the noble

game of baseball. We afterwards met the North Dakota boys ; they were all walking, and not in the direction of the saloons.

It was very pleasing to notice how popular our reverend Sovereign was amongst these American soldiers. In the courtyard of our hotel one evening an impromptu sing-song was, with the aid of Pabst beer, inaugurated, and we noticed that " God save the Queen " was not only sung as a stirrup cup, but came twice into the programme. At the same time, by a coincidence, the same national air was being sung at another saloon, audible from our rooms, but out of earshot and out of connection with the other.

The American soldier, as seen at Manila, must not be taken too seriously, for with six-sevenths of the army corps composed of volunteers, it is difficult for the small leavening of regular troops to make themselves felt. These volunteers, too, it must be remembered, are not like the English volunteers, who have received a certain amount of training, and are, to a certain extent, disciplined, but they are men in most cases who have had no connection in the past with soldiering in any form, and have no intention of having any future connection with the profession ; they have merely, in a spirit of adventure, taken on for the war, and have no expectation of being called upon to serve for more than six months. The ordinary rate of pay of an American soldier is \$15 (gold) a month, and of a sergeant \$21, but all ranks whilst on foreign service receive a 20 per cent. rise

of pay. In addition to a free issue of clothing, uniform, and necessities, each man also has placed to his credit \$10 a month as a clothing allowance. All extra issues of clothing made to him are charged against this account, and on discharge the balance, if any, in cash will be paid to him. As one of the officers remarked, the greatest difficulty prevails in inducing these free-lances to wear any clothes at all, and nine-tenths of the men are to be seen about in the town, and even dining at hotels and restaurants, in their shirt sleeves. To drop suddenly into the *Escolta* at any hour of the day or night, reminds one irresistibly of one's preconceived notions of a mining city in America: crowds of men in jim crow hats, shirts of all shades of uncleanness, and brown canvas trousers tucked into boots or gaiters. Even the sentries, patrols, and military police are distinguishable only by their rifles or batons from the general crowd. But unkempt and unsoldierlike as the men may appear, their behaviour leaves little or nothing to be desired.

To all they extend a rough good-natured courtesy, and to ladies their behaviour is always marked by respectful politeness, extending even to taking off their hats as a modest salute to the sex in general, as they pass any stray lady on the narrow footpaths. On a steamboat or tramcar, in a restaurant or in the street, an American soldier will, as a matter of course, address a stranger, and will, without offensiveness, ask him in a friendly way all about himself, prefacing his questions by explaining first who

he himself is, where he came from, the reason for his enlistment, and his plans on discharge. If he can enter into converse with a lady he is all the more pleased, and will explain that it is six months since he has seen an English-speaking lady, and express his pleasure at his present good fortune. Afterwards he may be heard relating to his friends exactly what he said and what the lady said, and how it reminded him of his souvenir gal, and durned if he wouldn't marry and settle down and have done with all this darnation foolishness directly he got back. But not only to European and American ladies is their courtesy extended, but it is a common sight to see a soldier help a native woman with her bundle in or out of a tramcar or across a crowded road. Beer of course the American soldier drinks in great quantities, and with as much relish as does our old friend the British Thomas Atkins; but it is in Manila exceedingly light stuff, and it is rare that one sees an individual more than tunefully happy; at the same time, if Uncle Sam wants his soldiers to live he will have to put preventive picquets on the saloons during the heat of the day. A skinful of beer and a small hat means a short life if a merry one under a tropical sun. It was very surprising that more sickness had not arisen from this cause, but robust constitutions can doubtless stand the strain for a few months, though the day of retribution will assuredly come. In India it is a punishable offence for a soldier to be out in the sun without his helmet, and if the Americans want their men to last

they will be wise to introduce a like regulation. In physique the American soldier, as seen in Manila, yields the palm to no one. Fully 75 per cent. of the men are mature, powerfully built fellows, averaging probably twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, fine strapping fellows who would do credit to the Grenadier Guards, and taken all round a more powerful and hardy set than are now to be found in a British line regiment even after a prolonged foreign tour. They remind one more of the stamp of soldier which composed a British regiment near the completion of its Indian service under the old long-service system.

A somewhat typical illustration of the citizen-soldier state of the military situation occurred whilst we were in Manila. It appears that there is at present no law depriving a soldier absent from America on duty from recording the precious vote which is popularly supposed to be the birthright of the freeborn, consequently an astute political party, hoping doubtless to gather a few votes in return for its enterprise, sent an accredited agent all the way from Pennsylvania to Manila to take the votes of the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment. Which way they voted or for what party possibly nobody knows, for it is acknowledged that no one except a few wire-pullers understands American politics; but the result was published in the Manila papers, and from this it appeared that a private of the regiment was placed at the head of the poll for the position of Congressman, a few others received votes possibly derisive,

and the colonel of the regiment appeared with a very substantial minority at the bottom of the poll. To command a regiment, or even a company, if one is standing for Congress, must be under these circumstances a somewhat mixed pleasure. Orderly room, for instance, on election morning, or when an election is pending, must be full of pathetic humour. Private Michigan Smith, for being drunk and disorderly and resisting the police, is arraigned before his commanding officer, but Michigan Smith is standing for Congress, and has been promised the votes of the sergeant of the guard and of the officer commanding his company; when evidence comes to be taken, therefore, the sergeant of the guard discovers that it wasn't M. S. who was drunk and disorderly, but quite another Smith, and the captain of the company testifies that the worthy Michigan comes of irreproachable parentage of much political influence in the captain's native village. Michigan Smith consequently escapes punishment, for the colonel finds it difficult to be just in the case of a rival candidate. On the other hand, a draconian captain, regardless of results, punishes Silas T. Schomberg by fining him \$2 for absence without leave, the result being that he loses ten votes for Congress, Silas T. being an influential regimental politician. A military officer who stands for Congress is therefore in so far as his regiment is concerned between the devil and the deep sea, and the result can hardly be considered satisfactory from any point of view, be it that of discipline or of the taxpayer. These cases are not

imaginary, and we were assured by an American officer that it is quite possible for political considerations to affect even the verdict of a court-martial. The American hugs the name of liberty, but in reality appears to be as hopelessly enslaved a being, from a political point of view, as the subject of the most autocratic monarch.

The keeper of a restaurant at Manila incurred the terrible wrath of the local American newspapers by refusing to admit soldiers to meals who were not properly dressed and fairly presentable. This action was held to be interfering with the liberty of the subject, and the soldiers were incited to boycott the establishment. But perhaps there is something to be said on the other side, for though no one should object to a clean and properly dressed and behaved soldier sitting down to table with him, many have with some show of justice an objection to being surrounded by a crowd of unwashed, unshaven, and unshorn men, clad only in dirty shirts, during their meals, and the restaurant-keeper, both in his own interests and in those of his clients, may be held to have every right to make such regulations as will conduce not only to the general comfort of his guests, but to his own profit. This small incident is mentioned as curiously illustrating an American's idea of liberty; he is content to be bound hand and foot in all really important matters intimately connected with political freedom, but he is outraged because he is not allowed to dine

where he likes in his shirt sleeves, on paying the prescribed fee.

Our last view of the American soldier was a pleasing and cordial one, for as I was going up the gangway of the departing steamer, a stentorian voice from a boat load of soldiers shouted, "Good-by, and good luck to you," and on my taking off my hat and thanking them, the boys raised a hearty cheer, perhaps taking me for one of their own officers going home, or perhaps recognizing a British officer of whom they had seen a good deal lately; the effect in either case was equally happy and helped to colour the opinion already formed that the Anglo-Saxon race, standing shoulder to shoulder, would by land or sea be a confederacy of blood beside which the ephemeral alliances of Europe might appear like milk and water and pish-pash.

CHAPTER XI

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR

Birth and early youth of José Rizal — He goes to Madrid and graduates as an M.D. — Proceeds to Paris, Germany, and Austria — In Belgium writes his first novel "Noli me tangere" — In 1887 returns to the Philippines — Coldly received by the Spaniards — Persecution by the priests — Goes into voluntary exile and proceeds viâ Japan to England — Returns to Manila in 1892 and is banished to Dapitan — In 1896 Rizal is seized and tried for treason — Sentenced to death — Two hours before execution he marries an Irish girl — He is shot on the Luneta — Madame Rizal vowing vengeance joins the rebels — Is engaged in several actions — An unerring shot — Proceeds to Japan and America to procure arms — José Rizal's sister — Madame Rizal settles in Hong Kong.

IN Kalamba, near the Laguna de Bay, on June 19th, 1861, was born a child who afterwards became a prominent national character, and under the name of José Rizal is now looked upon as the personification of the rising spirit of a new and regenerate nation. Unlike Aguinaldo, José Rizal came of a good stock, landowners of some consideration, and passing rich amidst not very opulent surroundings. The poetic and scholastic temperament of Rizal began to show itself early, for when only eight years of age he wrote poems which are described as having secured the admiration of the

Tagalic poets of the province, and at fifteen he produced a melodrama, entitled "Junto al Pasig." Even thus early he was filled with intensely, perhaps dangerously, patriotic emotions, and some of his writings would doubtless, if the work of a boy could have been taken seriously, have attracted the unwelcome attention of the Spanish officials. After a scholastic career in Manila which was marked by considerable success and clearly demonstrated his uncommon ability, he, in 1882, when twenty-one years of age, proceeded to Europe to study medicine.

He went first to Madrid, and after two years of hard work took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and also as a Licentiate in Philosophy and the Fine Arts. His next step was to proceed to Paris, where, in addition to studying under Professor Wecker with a view to becoming a specialist in diseases of the eye, he gratified his artistic and literary proclivities by prosecuting his studies in those arts. In 1885 he moved on to Germany, there to study Schiller and his methods, and later visited Austria. Finally he settled down for a time in Belgium, where he wrote his celebrated novel, "*Noli me tangere*," a work of considerable merit, and by competent critics considered wonderful, coming as it did from a member of a race which is ranked very low in the scale of national intelligence.

Rizal had now been five years absent from his native land, and a feeling of home-sickness, in the year 1887, drew him back to his beloved islands,

full, and for one of a subject race, dangerously full, of broad views regarding freedom, the rights of man, and political emancipation. His return was by no means welcomed by the Spanish authorities, for his writings had been widely read by the Filipinos, and had undoubtedly had the effect of deeply impressing an excitable and easily led people. His presence in the islands was therefore shortly found to be prejudicial to the general peace, and to escape forcible transportation it became imperative to flee the country. Hitherto the patriot had only been a patriot of words and phrases, he was merely filled with generous impulses in the direction of free institutions, and the possibility or feasibility of a recourse to arms had probably not entered his head. But about this time a private injury, as has often been the case before, turned the mild reformer into a red-hot revolutionist. One of the chief lessons which Rizal had learnt in Europe was that a priest-ridden nation is a nation bound over hand and foot to degeneration and decay, and many of his writings were directed against this unwholesome influence, which nowhere has had such pernicious effects as in the Philippines. Amongst his bitterest enemies, therefore, on his return to his home, he found ranged the whole hierarchy of the priesthood. In any other country under a so-called civilised rule, such a divergence of views would probably have been sufficiently met by a literary controversy of greater or less virulence, but in the Philippines the Holy Mother Church was in a

position to take much more active measures to show her displeasure. In pursuance, therefore, of a policy of systematic perjury and rapacity, charges of various sorts were trumped up against Rizal's title-deeds to his own estates, and these were bit by bit whittled away, and bit by bit were transferred to the interesting clerics who worked this infamous transaction. At last little but his house was left to him, and even that not for long, for the finishing touch was put to this fine collection of villanies by the burning down of his house about his ears.

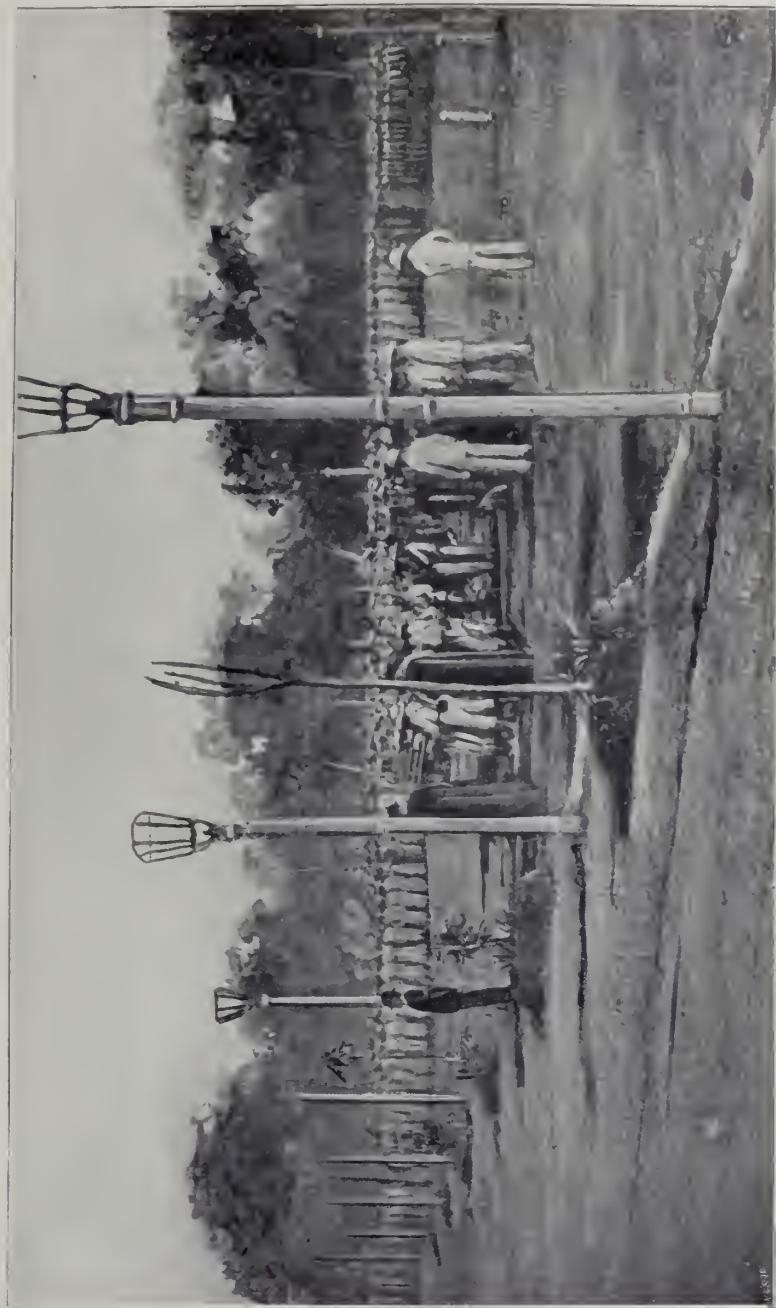
Now, the least aggressive of mankind would, with justice, feel aggrieved at treatment of this sort, and thoughts of revenge would naturally arise. José Rizal made no pretension of acknowledging the power of the priests, and this action on their part turned him into a bitter and implacable foe, not only of the order but of the Spanish Government, whom the priesthood practically represented. He took, therefore, into his exile the seeds of a revolution. After remaining some time in Japan he returned to Europe, where he took up his abode in London, and commenced writing his "History of the Philippines," this work being shortly followed by "The Filibusters," which reads as a sequel to "Noli me tangere." This new book was written with the special object of rousing the patriotic ardour of his fellow Filipinos. His proscription by the Spanish authorities was apparently only for a term of years, for in 1892 we find Rizal back in the Philippines, and again getting into the black books of the reigning power.

The cause of offence this time was an attempt made by the reformer to encourage wholesale emigration from the Philippine Islands with a view to founding a free republic in some portion of Borneo. The undertaking, or the manner of putting it before the public, was considered revolutionary, and the promoter was banished to Dapitan by the Spanish General Despujols in 1892. From that time up to 1896 Rizal appears to have been one of the moving spirits amongst the reform party, though his actual complicity in favouring armed resistance is strenuously denied by his friends. Undoubtedly, however, he was treading on dangerous ground, and his supposed connection with certain secret societies gained him the added animosity of the priesthood. It was, therefore, perhaps only natural when rebellion broke out in the autumn of 1896, that José Rizal should be one of the first suspects seized. His direct complicity in the rising was, however, difficult of proof, and being a well-known man, with friends in Europe, the Spaniards hesitated to give him the same short shrift which awaited his less influential fellow prisoners.

The semblance of a long trial was therefore gone through, and though Rizal eloquently denied his complicity and claimed the same toleration which other writers on broad general questions enjoy in Europe, he was, in December, 1896, sentenced to be shot. And now comes in the romance. Amongst those who were sincerely attached to José Rizal, and who believed implicitly in his innocence, was

Josephine Bracken, the daughter of a sergeant in the British service, an Irishman who, when his term of service had expired, had settled down at Hong Kong. Miss Bracken was born at the Victoria Barracks, Hong Kong, and her mother dying soon afterwards, she was adopted by a kind couple named Tauffner, who took her to Manila with them and reared and educated her. History does not relate in what year the attachment between José Rizal and the Irish girl commenced, but it is certain that through the weeks and months of anxious waiting which intervened between the capture and sentence of her lover, she used the most strenuous exertions and every means in her power to loosen the coils which were being wound about him, but, alas! without avail. It was officially announced that Dr. José Rizal would be shot at eight o'clock on the morning of December 30th, on the Luneta, the fashionable promenade of Manila, for the crime of treason and the instigation of armed rebellion.

At 3 A.M. on that morning, after first having confessed to the priest, Rizal received the Holy Communion at the chapel of the royal fortress of Santiago, and at 5 A.M., under these solemn and touching circumstances and with these gloomy surroundings, was celebrated the marriage of Dr. José Rizal and Miss Josephine Bracken, in the presence only of the chaplain to the forces and the officers of the guard. A bridegroom of an hour's standing, the prisoner was at 6.30 A.M. marched under an escort of the artillery regiment to the Campo de Bagum-



Execution of Dr. José Rizal on the Luneta, the Fashionable Promenade of Manila.

bayan, which lies at the back of the Luneta, arriving there just before 7 o'clock, nearly a full hour before the time fixed upon for the execution. The reason for this precipitance is probably to be found in the fact that Dr. Rizal was much respected and beloved by his countrymen, and a serious rising or an organised rescue might have been attempted if time had been given for a still greater gathering than had already assembled. Perhaps mercifully, therefore, José Rizal was deprived of one hour of his life, and being led to the sea face and bound hand and foot, was placed close to a lamp post and there and then shot in the back by a picquet of the 10th Spanish Infantry Regiment. Such was the tragic end of possibly the ablest and certainly the most intellectual personality whom Philippine history has produced.

Her brief married life thus abruptly ended, Madame Rizal, stirred by the hot Irish blood of her forefathers, swore that she would be avenged on the Spaniards for what she could only consider the judicial murder of her husband. Acting on this determination she, together with José Rizal's sister, went over to the insurgent camp and actively espoused the rebel cause. The sister apparently contented herself with such non-combatant duties as nursing the sick and wounded, but Madame Rizal, with fine intrepidity, insisted on taking her place in the firing line, armed either with a revolver or a rifle. In this lady's first engagement it is narrated that she picked off, with unerring aim, the Spanish officer

who was leading the troops to the attack, and during this engagement she is said to have fired forty rounds, and to have excited the admiration of those around her by her excellent shooting. For many weeks this brave woman fought in the ranks of the insurgents, and certainly by the tenets of the Mosaic law, an eye for an eye and a life for a life, she must have amply avenged the loss of her husband. Not content with combat at long ranges, Madame Rizal is reported to have even faced the stern ordeal of hand-to-hand conflict, and to have led charges with the bohie knife as a weapon of offence against dumbfounded bodies of Spaniards. Finding that lack of arms of precision in sufficient quantities prevented the insurgents from gaining a decisive success, Madame Rizal escaped to Japan and afterwards to America to procure arms, and these have since undoubtedly, prohibition or no prohibition, been steadily flowing into the country. Prevented by her friends from again returning to the Philippines, where death as a rebel, if not as a combatant, assuredly awaited her, Madame Rizal settled down in Hong Kong, where she still lives, awaiting the development of events. When in Manila we went to see Dr. Rizal's sister, and found her a pure Philippine native, now engaged in keeping a small shop at which "pina" cloth is sold. She gave us a picture of her brother, together with a printed sketch of his life, corrected by herself, from which sketch the present narrative of Rizal's early life is taken, but we were somewhat surprised to find

that she was quite reconciled to her brother's death, and chatted genially and without the least emotion or rancour about it. In a city where executions by the dozen take place constantly, doubtless the natural feelings get somewhat dulled. In Hong Kong we hunted high and low, east and west, for Madame Rizal, but could not succeed in finding her, though we came across houses she had recently occupied, nor could the postal authorities help us. The little romance, therefore, which is here set forth, must be taken only as a romance, for without first securing Madame Rizal's own version of her touching story, it would be impossible to distinguish facts from fiction. It may, however, be accepted that the main outlines of the unhappy history of the Philippine revolutionist José Rizal and the Irish girl Josephine Bracken are as herein recorded.

CHAPTER XII

MANILA CIGARS ¹

The old Manila cigar — Its decline in the market — Gradual recovery — Present excellence — In great demand — Introduction of tobacco into the Philippines — Government monopoly — Unpopularity of the measure — The monopoly abolished and private enterprise called in — La Insular — Cigarette making in a wonderful machine — Low price of cigarettes — Pay of the employees — Cigar making by hand — Filling boxes — Prices of cigars — By order of the President.

BEFORE the recent troubles drew attention to it, the name of Manila was in the male mind chiefly connected with cigars, and in the female mind was represented by a blank, or at best a shadowy school recollection of a place somewhere in Spain or the West Indies. Twenty-five years ago the Manila cigar held almost universal sway throughout India, whilst in England the old trumpet-shaped cheroot was often bought by those who preferred the certainty of smoking real tobacco at a moderate price to the possibility of smoking dried cabbage leaves under the flattering title of Havana cigars. But two causes led in India to the downfall of the Manila

¹ I am indebted to Mr. John Foreman's excellent book on the Philippines for much of the information given in this and other chapters.

cigar. The first was the immense improvement which has been effected in the manufacture and quality of the Indian cigar which had hitherto, under the comprehensive title of the Trichinopoly cheroot, been so strong and rank as to be smokable only by those to the manner born, or by long years inured to its flavour. The new article, on the contrary, being very much milder in flavour, and fashioned in sizes and shapes similar to the cigars of Havana, had the further advantage of underselling the Manila cigar by more than one half. To meet this new rival the Spanish authorities, tobacco being then a Government monopoly, should naturally have taken additional care that the quality, at any rate, of the Manila produce should have been kept up or even improved, instead of which, at this particular epoch, it happened that the market was flooded with an inferior article. The reason for this was that, foreseeing the probability of the Government monopoly being abolished in favour of free trade in the course of a few years, the Spanish government threw on the market heavy consignments of worthless tobacco which lay stored in its depots. These inferior cigars, reaching India at a critical time, sealed the fate of the Manila brands, and thus, from the early eighties up till quite recently, the trade with India as well as with England seriously declined.

But as a matter of fact, from the year 1883, when the Government monopoly was removed, up to the present day the quality of the Manila cigar has, in the hands of private firms, steadily improved, till it

is now one of the best cigars to be had for the money in the world. Ground, however, once lost is difficult to recover; in India, the Indian cigar has now obtained so strong a hold that it is difficult for a dearer article to compete with it, whilst in England the great improvement effected in the local manufacture of cheap cigars made out of imported leaf, has in some measure removed the demand for a cheap foreign cigar. But though neither in England nor in India have good Manila cigars gained a footing, the industry is an exceedingly thriving one, the chief factories in Manila, though working at high pressure, being months behindhand in their orders, thus showing clearly that the demand is greater than the supply, and holding out an excellent augury for the future intelligent development of the industry under American rule.

Tobacco was originally introduced into the Philippines by the Spanish missionaries, who imported the seed from Mexico, soon after the annexation of the islands, but it was not till the year 1781 that the subject of tobacco cultivation was seriously taken up by the Spanish Government. For the space of a century and a year, from 1781 to 1882, the growth and manufacture of tobacco became a Government monopoly, the profits on which at the latter date formed one half the total revenue of the colony. It is manifest, therefore, that to abandon the monopoly was to bring about a serious financial crisis, the Treasury deficit already amounting to a considerable sum; but the measure was practically

forced on the Government owing to the dissatisfaction, and even disaffection, of the natives, arising from the oppressive manner in which the monopoly was worked. Here, again, we have another instance of the fatality which overtakes all modern Spanish undertakings, owing apparently chiefly to the moral kink in the national character which, in a short-sighted struggle after present gains, leads to the neglect of the prosperity of the future. The Dutch employing the same system of State monopolies in Java, amongst a people whose characteristics are very similar to those of the Filipinos, but working it with intelligence and humanity, have not only made immense profits for the Government, but at the same time materially increased the prosperity and welfare of the subject race. To quote one of the most vexatious items in the Spanish regulations, the native grower was compelled to deliver into the Government stores the whole output of his crops, which had to be maintained at the proportion of 4,000 plants per family per annum, but was not allowed to smoke a single leaf of his own tobacco except by purchase from the Government tobacco shops. The rule itself was a vexatious one, and was made additionally galling owing to the severity of the preventive measures to which it gave cover. Thus a planter was only allowed to smoke tobacco of his own growing inside the aerating sheds, which were usually situated in the fields, and if he was caught smoking by a carabineer, the policeman of the country, even a few steps away from this shed, he

was liable to fines mounting up with legal expenses to \$7.37 for a cigar, and \$1.87 for a cigarette. In one province alone the revenue from these fines averaged \$7,000 per annum. But, in addition to this unnecessary hardship, the grower was liable from sunrise to sunset to domiciliary search for concealed tobacco, and even the females of his family were not free from the indignity of personal examination. Finally, when the tale of leaves was paid in to the Government factories, only the best were selected for use, and the remainder, instead of being handed back to the poor cultivator, were wantonly burnt.

Yet even here the abuse of the system did not end, for as time went on the Spanish authorities grew more and more remiss in the matter of payments, and though the tale of bricks was rigidly exacted, instead of cash, promissory notes were issued to the growers, and these being difficult of negotiation were bought up by middlemen at a heavy discount, thus causing a direct loss of income to the already hardly-used producer.

But in the face of popular discontent no monopoly can stand; the Spaniards had, therefore, to bow before the storm, and to open the door to free trade. At first a crowd of small manufacturers rushed into the business without capital and with little experience, but these gradually died a natural death, and their place has been taken by companies of established standing and with ample capital. Of these at the present day the most prominent and most prosperous appear to be *La Insular*, *La Perla de*

Oriente, and the Compania General de Tabacos de Filipinas. Through the courtesy of the manager, who is an Englishman, we were enabled to spend a very interesting morning in going over the Insular Company's factory, and seeing the work of manufacturing cigarettes, cigars, and pipe tobacco in all stages up to their final disposal in the closed and labelled boxes which we see in the shop windows.

On arrival in Manila we were puzzled to discover the *raison d'être* of the magnificent building standing in the Plaza de Binondo, the chief square of the Binondo quarter, and labelled sky high, in gold, "Insular," the problem being enhanced by the heavy guard of American soldiers placed upon it. Opinions were divided as to whether it was a Palace of Justice or a Government Treasury, but it never occurred to us till our Jehu drove us to the door that this fine structure was a tobacco factory. Passing through a high and imposing archway, a courtyard is reached, in which, and bivouacked up and down the broad staircases, were no less than 300 American soldiers. The reason for so strong a guard was accounted for by our conductor by the fact that the majority of the many hundred hands employed are past or prospective insurgents. Mounting the broad flight of steps the first room entered is that devoted to cigarette making, where all the workers are women. Here the Insular Company has secured a vast improvement on Egyptian methods of cigarette manufacture. There, as we know, cigarettes are rolled by hand, entail-

ing much fingering both of the paper and of the tobacco by possibly, indeed probably, dirty hands. In the Insular factory, on the other hand, neither the tobacco nor the paper come in contact with the fingers, the whole operation being completed by machinery of French invention and design. The paper, which is on a revolving reel, passes into the machine in a long continuous slip in the same way as does the paper into a modern newspaper press. Arrived at the portals it is curled into cylinders, gummed down, and cut off to the requisite length. Each paper cylinder is then in turn picked up by another part of the machine placed opposite a receiver containing the exact amount of tobacco required, and just as it is saying to itself "I am sure I cannot possibly hold all that tobacco," out jumps a little piston, drives the tobacco home, and kicks out the completed cigarette and makes room for another. Roughly timing the operation, each machine should turn out about one hundred cigarettes a minute, and there are in the room probably twenty or thirty machines. The cigarettes are then made up into bundles of thirty and sold for five cents a packet. In making up these packets occurs the only handling undergone, and this affects only a few in each packet, for the girls employed have, from long practice, become so accustomed to the exact feeling of just thirty cigarettes, that the necessity for counting disappears. Each girl merely makes a grab into the basket, seizes thirty automatically, and in a trice has packed and labelled

them. The quality of the tobacco is not so fine as in Egyptian or Turkish cigarettes, and the leaf is cross-cut instead of long-cut, but the result is very fairly satisfactory and the price exceedingly low compared to Egyptian prices, the proportion being fourpence per hundred to the two to five shillings a hundred charged in Egypt.

Next we come to the manufacture of cigars, commencing with the inferior brands smoked by the natives and working up to the finest efforts of the export trade. The employees in this department are all men, their pay varying from \$5 to \$18 per thousand cigars made, according to the skill and experience of the workman. The best hand in the room, and one of those entrusted with making only the highest-priced cigars, told us that he can make from eighty to one hundred cigars a day, and receives \$18 a thousand for his work, at which rate in a good month he would clear about \$50. These best cigars are sold at \$125 per thousand. All the cigars are rolled and finished entirely by hand, a small board and the flat of the hand being used for rolling. After putting on the fine outside leaf, each cigar is measured against a gauge and cut off to the required size with scissors. The cedar boxes for the cigars are made outside by Chinese carpenters, but the filling thereof is an interesting lesson in the art of putting an impossibly large amount into an impossibly small space. The cigars are tied up into round bundles of fifty apiece, with the yellow silk ribbon familiar to us all; the box

is then placed in a strong canvas case which holds it tightly together, the two impossible bundles of cigars are next placed on the mouth of the box, and immediately down comes a piston with a square end the size of the box, and in go all those cigars without a murmur. Bang goes the lid, on go the labels, and our box of cigars is ready. I ordered 2,000 at 12 noon, and these were manufactured, packed, and delivered at my hotel by 6 P.M.

The price of Manila cigars of the best brands, such as would be acceptable to most English smokers, varies from \$125 to \$9 per thousand, according to size, and packed in boxes of fifty or one hundred. The export duty is very light and does not add materially to the price of the cigars. Taking a dollar as representing two shillings, we should at this rate, if we could abolish the middleman, be able to smoke an excellent if small cigar in our messes and clubs, at something under a penny apiece in England and under half an anna in India. The Manila cigar is at present no doubt inferior to the best Havanas; but who, it may be asked, gets the best Havanas? Certainly not you or I by walking into a shop and paying a shilling for one. Clubs and messes which are large consumers and large purchasers get well served by the trade, but the humble seeker after a single cigar or a single box is treated to flagrant trash. Better, therefore, than the trashy Havana is the good Manila, and if the Americans will take the

industry up seriously and introduce both seed and experts from Cuba, there is nothing to prevent the Manila cigar of the future being as fine in flavour as the finest Havana.

Coming down the steps of the Insular, precariously perched in a side niche was an American soldier's bunk, ingeniously built apparently of biscuit boxes, over which was a board with the notice: "Visitors are directed not to recline on this bunk.—BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT."

CHAPTER XIII

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES

A new factor in the Far Eastern question — The four great rival Powers — French, German, Russian, and English views — The Dutch, Japanese, and Chinese factors — The late belligerents — Strong feeling in America against annexation — Annexation by force of circumstances became imperative — Internal problem as regards the government of the Philippines — Aguinaldo to be counted with — The Dutch system — In a few years America can review her position and if advisable part with the islands.

THE future of the Philippine Islands is a subject which may well occupy the attention of the statesmen of those nations whose interests lie in the East. Since the days of the ancient rivalries of Spain and Portugal in the sixteenth century, the Spanish Indies have dropped from the view of European politicians, and have till recently lost their connection with any of the prominent problems of the day. Under the weak sway of a third-rate power they might have thus remained, isolated and forgotten, had not a new factor appeared in the East, a new nation, a new and unknown quantity in the great contest for mercantile and territorial aggrandisement which the nations of the Western Hemisphere wage ceaselessly one with

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another throughout the world. America, by the conquest and retention of the Philippine Archipelago, brings into the Eastern seas a young and rising nation in place of an ancient and decayed race, and the change thus wrought is held with more or less justification to affect the interests for good or evil of no less than four of the leading Powers of Europe, as well as indirectly those of some of the smaller brethren in the comity of nations. The four great Powers who, apart from the belligerents, appear to have chiefly interested themselves in recent events in these regions are France, Germany, Russia, and England, and recognising that these same four Powers are the chief rivals in questions relating to the Far Eastern problem, it may be assumed that the conquest of the Philippines by the Americans has apparently a close connection with that problem. Looking at the matter from the point of view of each in turn, it may be conjectured that France is not herself in reality seriously interested in Eastern affairs. Tonkin and Saigon are to her useless possessions, of which, now that the novelty of acquisition has worn off, she is heartily tired, but which, nevertheless, a nervous dread of falling out of the ranks of the first-class colonial Powers compels her to keep. French trade in the East is on a very modest scale, and she might lose it all to-morrow without feeling the effect. But, however small her interests in the East are, nothing suits her policy better than to have a weak and unenterprising power like Spain master of the Philippines. She had nothing to expect or nothing

to fear from Spain, and she will, in all probability, be on equally independent terms with America. To America alone she has probably no objection whatever, but is haunted with a fear similar to that which has dogged her for centuries, that behind the veil of an American protectorate lies hidden a present or prospective, active or passive, advantage to Great Britain.

Germany, with an assumption which it is difficult on any grounds to justify, has played her cards so awkwardly, or intentionally so openly, that she has without even the veil of a decent pretext given it to be understood that she would like to annex a portion or the whole of the Philippine Islands herself. How such an intention came to be pushed to the front with a disregard almost of common international decency is a secret known only to the Kaiser and his advisers; but it is possible that the unfavourable effect which German action in the Philippine Archipelago produced on the representatives of all nations there present was due more to a spirit of indiscreet filibustering on the part of the naval officers on the spot, than to deliberate policy on the part of the German Government. It will be remembered that shortly before and unconnected with the Spanish-American war, a squadron of German warships, under command of the Emperor's brother, had set sail for the East under a blast of German trumpets. But the expedition thus ostentatiously despatched wended its slow way eastward through a string of British coaling stations and dockyards, to the undisguised

merriment of the nations, which merriment reached a climax when the "mailed fist" fell heavily, not on the united squadrons, but on a small and benighted bay in an obscure portion of the coast of China. Whilst still smarting from the effects of the after-chaff, to which this incident gave rise, the war between Spain and America broke out, and the German squadron, perhaps too eager to efface the recollection of the recent *contretemps*, sailed for Manila to watch events. Its action there was, however, so indiscreet, so opposed to the recognised attitude of neutral Powers, so unwarrantably meddlesome, that the German admiral was within an ace of not only feeling the weight of Admiral Dewey's guns, but of setting light to a European conflagration in Manila Bay, the effects of which might have deluged half the world in blood. Whether this attitude was merely local or inspired from Germany, the effects were, from a German point of view, equally deplorable. She made of her good friend America a deadly enemy, and she ranged against herself the judgment of all rightly constituted public opinion. The German policy thus indecently exposed clearly aimed at gaining cheaply the gratitude of the Spaniards, that gratitude to be later more substantially marked by the cession of one or more of the principal islands of the group. The one contingency which Germany had not counted upon, unfortunately for her, happened to be the one contingency which has occurred. That America would forsake the tenets of the Monroe doctrine, as hitherto

maintained, and embark on the dubious and stormy seas of foreign politics appeared the most unlikely of alternatives, yet this was the one taken, and German Eastern aspirations received a telling blow.

Russia, in pursuance of the policy which the unfortunate rivalry in Asia between herself and England begets, naturally raises a protest, though mild and distant in this instance, against any such change of status as may directly or indirectly strengthen the British position in the East. She notes that though England neither aims at nor desires territorial aggrandisement in this direction, yet that so cordial a feeling exists between the two great Anglo-Saxon races that indirect benefit may, as time goes on, accrue to her to the detriment of Russian interests. In the interests of peace and progress it is a matter for the gravest regret that the rivalry between Russia and England cannot be replaced by a spirit of mutual concession and of reciprocal affection, leading as it would to a peaceful territorial expansion of equal advantage to both. A combined English and Russian policy on the continent of Asia would, it is estimated, in a few years do more for the expansion of civilisation and the promotion of mercantile enterprise than can be accomplished in decades of a senseless and injurious rivalry. That, however, is a matter for the future; at present Russian interests would best be served by the exclusion of the Philippines from the Asiatic arena, which end would be ensured by their retention by a

negligible quantity like the Spanish sovereignty. Further, the rude shock which the Czar's Peace Manifesto gave to French susceptibilities would incline the Russian Government, even if itself uninterested, to give such renewed colour to a Russo-French *entente cordiale* as might be convenient and politic. France and Russia, therefore, in this question appear side by side, neither of them more than remotely interested in the matter, but France peevishly ready to quarrel with any arrangement in which England has, or is supposed to have, an interest, and Russia good-naturedly backing her up, but only to a certain point. We next come to England's connection with the Philippine imbroglio. We may, perhaps, put down bluntly the British view, which plainly is that though she has no desire for territorial expansion in this direction, having her hands full to overflowing with the development of new possessions in other parts of the world, yet in view of the immense stake she holds in the Far East, she could not view with equanimity a transfer of islands so commandingly placed as are the Philippines, to an unfriendly or hostile Power. Whether Spain holds the archipelago or whether America holds it, is to England practically immaterial, but she would naturally find the value of her positions at Singapore, Hong Kong, and further east diminished if a French, or German, or Russian occupation of the Philippine Islands became an accomplished fact. Amidst, however, the deep-voiced growlings

of the great Powers, the twitterings of some of the small birds must not be lost. Thus Holland, who had arrived at a state of permanent rest in her splendid East Indian possessions, would see no objection to the neighbourhood of a non-aggressive power like America, but would view with mixed feelings the consolidation at her doors of the German power, whose shadow, as it is, hangs threateningly over the little corner of Europe ruled over by the girl Queen. Japan, that enterprising and rising kingdom, has not yet forgotten how, after the Chinese war, the fruits of victory were torn from her by the big bullies of the West, and she has certainly no desire to see their powers of interference augmented. To England, however, she is warmly attached, partly from admiration, for to be the Great Britain of the East is her highest ambition, but chiefly because policy, combined with British love of fair play, prevented England from joining the coercionists after the Chinese war. The same cordial relations are, in some degree, extended also to America, and therefore we may assume that the American advent to Eastern waters will not be distasteful to Japan. Of China it is difficult to speak, a country without unity, without government, an unwieldy and inert mass barred from enlightenment and progress by the dictates of a crazy harridan. If China is able to see so far beyond the garden wall of the Pekin Palace, she will perhaps recognise in the arrival of the American Eagle one more factor in the

chain of events which is slowly, but inevitably, leading to the disintegration of China and the opening of a new era, in which China might well figure as one of the most opulent and progressive countries in the world.

There remain to be considered the two belligerents in the late war. As for Spain, we may conclude that her sun has for ever set in the East, set in blood, but blood without honour. She passes out of the arena of a misspent and criminal old age to continue her quiet decay at home. In her place we see planted the youngest of nations preparing to face fresh obligations and ready to start on the new road which destiny appears to have pointed out to her. That America should hesitate before making so new and momentous a departure is not to be wondered at. The whole policy of the nation, since it has become a nation, has been to avoid all foreign complications and all foreign obligations, to live self-contained and self-supported, aiming at no man's property abroad and pledged to resist interference from without. The annexation of the Philippines marks the parting of the ways; the ancient milestones no longer guide the national policy, and the whole character and aspirations of the people must change to meet the new conditions. It would be impossible to state the case against annexation more strongly than has already been done by American and English writers of standing and influence, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Andrew Carnegie,

Mr. Carl Schurz, the Editor of the *Yale Review*, and Mr. Bryce.

Mr. Carnegie's contention is that the American nation has still a continent of its own to populate and develop, for whilst England has a population of 370, Belgium 571, and Germany 250 to the square mile, the United States has only 23 persons to populate the same area. A tithe of the cost of maintaining American sway over the Philippines would cover the expense of an immense number of important public works in America which now await funds. Her internal water communications could be improved, her harbours deepened and protected, a waterway from the great lakes to the sea could be constructed, a Nicaragua canal built, a canal constructed across Florida, saving a distance of 800 miles between New York and New Orleans, and many other useful but costly works completed. Mr. Carnegie will not even allow that annexation will benefit trade. Even loyal Canada, he says, trades more with America than with Great Britain. She buys her Union Jacks in New York. Trade does not follow the flag in our day — it scents the lowest price current. There is no patriotism in exchanges. And he winds up with a powerful appeal to his countrymen, in which he declares that from every point of view we must come to the conclusion that the past policy of the Republic is her true policy in the future, for safety, for peace, for happiness, for progress, for wealth, for power — for all that makes a nation blessed.

Mr. Carl Schurz takes up the question of political rights accorded to all American citizens. Annexations bring on the problem of determining the status in the Republic of large masses of tropical people who are utterly different from the Americans in origin, language, traditions, and habits, with no hope of assimilation. Either they must be admitted to Congress or be despotically governed, thus overriding the Republican principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Finally, he considers that American divergence from her past policy will be the old tale of a free people seduced by false ambitions, and running headlong after riches, luxuries, and military glory, till they lead down the fatal slopes to vice, corruption, decay, and disgrace.

The *Yale Review* objects to annexation on the grounds that America is unprepared for a colonial policy, having, unlike England, no trained Indian and colonial civil services; whilst Mr. Bryce not only agrees with this view, but, together with Mr. Carnegie, points out that America is herself so thinly populated as to require all her sons.

Supporting these opinions it was interesting to find that American army officers at the seat of war appeared to be almost unanimous in deprecating the annexation of the Philippines on military grounds. It was their opinion that such military strength as the nation possesses should be concentrated at home, and not frittered away in foreign stations. Finally,

they pointed out that to garrison the Philippines the American standing army must at once be raised to twice its present strength, for it would be hopeless to rely on volunteer regiments to supply the deficiency, and that once the novelty had worn off the American people would resent the increased taxation involved. That the opinion of these officers was more than disinterested is demonstrated by the fact that annexation and the consequent increase of the army means promotion to one and all, no mean boon in an army where subalterns have to serve twenty-five years and captains thirty-five years before earning promotion.

On the other hand, we have naval opinion, with Admiral Dewey at its head, strongly in favour of annexation on the grounds that American commerce in Eastern Asia has now reached sufficiently important dimensions to require, not perhaps so much the protection which is afforded by a naval base close at hand, but more the fostering influence on trade which the display of power in any quarter is supposed to bring. They are, in fact, believers in the old principle that trade follows the flag, which is discountenanced by the other party. But the war of words is now over; the annexation party, though probably the weaker of the two, has gained the day, and the Philippine Islands have become an American colony. The annexation was, irrespective of what was written or said on either side, practically forced on the American people, for America was placed in

the awkward position of having no option but to remain where she had planted her flag. It was quite impossible, on the grounds of humanity, for her to hand back the country to the cruelty, rapacity, and, perhaps, vengeance of the Spaniards, and it was equally impossible for her to make a present of the islands to any one European Power without raising the hostility, active or passive, of at least three others. She therefore bowed to the inevitable, and annexed the islands in the hope that in the course of a few years the political atmosphere will clear and give her a chance of carefully reviewing her position.

It may, perhaps, with some confidence be prophesied that when the cold fit, which will in due course follow the warmth of the present enthusiasm, falls on the nation, America will discover that the true parting of the ways was not in the actual act of annexation, for that had become inevitable, but in having allowed Admiral Dewey to do more than defeat the Spanish fleet and exact a heavy indemnity from the city of Manila before sailing away, thus leaving the Philippine problem for the Spaniards and their friends to solve. The new masters of the islands have, in fact, been faced by two separate and distinct problems, the one connected with the external bearings of annexation and the other with the internal. The former problem has for the present, at any rate, been settled, but the latter still

faces the American authorities, and will require the most careful handling, bound up as it indissolubly is with the attitude of the Philippine Islanders towards the new masters of their territory. In the glamour of victory and in the excitement of the larger issues which the more prominent problem entailed, the less prominent but equally important matter has been thrust into the shadow. To an observer on the spot, it was apparent that not only were the authorities in the distance hardly alive to the complications which existed, but those in actual touch with them took what appears to be a very sanguine view of the situation, which briefly was this: The American troops had been materially aided in the capture of Manila by the Filipino troops then under Aguinaldo in a state of insurrection against the Spaniards. The Spaniards successfully defeated, Aguinaldo had without protest from the Americans proclaimed himself First President of the Philippine Republic, appointed the great officers of State, formed a National Assembly, and levied a poll tax on the whole population throughout the island. Further, his troops, which were officially declared to number 50,000, hemmed in Manila on every side with a chain of offensive outposts. The Americans, on the other hand, held only Manila and Cavité with 21,000 men, and were, except in name, practically shut up in those places. Now in spite of their volunteer organisation and lack of training and

experience, there is little doubt that 21,000 American troops could, in a set battle, defeat 50,000 Filipinos; and if the latter would in case of difficulty submit to such an ordeal, the whole problem would no doubt be satisfactorily solved; but what apparently had not occurred to the Americans was that the ordeal of a set battle was the last form of suicidal mania which Aguinaldo would be likely to indulge in. In any other class of warfare, judging from the natural and physical features of the country, it would take the Americans several years of systematic campaigning to subdue the country by force of arms. Having allowed Aguinaldo to proclaim himself President, the Americans have now either to acknowledge his title or disown it. By acknowledging it is introduced a system of dual control, which is entirely incompatible with the intelligent development of the islands; to disown it is to risk a long and harassing war with the islanders—a war which will not only cost America heavily both in men and money, but at once place her in the light of an oppressor rather than a deliverer.

There remains apparently only the golden bridge by which the abyss may be crossed. Aguinaldo has been bought off before, and there is little doubt that if the bribe is large enough he can be bought off again. He was reported to have offered to abandon all pretensions in consideration of a sum of \$15,000,000, afterwards it was said reduced to

\$5,000,000, and there is a well-defined feeling in Manila that the President has his price, but whether the Americans will care to pay it is another matter, though probably settlement by purchase will in the long run be the cheaper course. Aguinaldo and his officials once disposed of, his army would melt away, the more promising elements being secured for the local corps which the Americans propose raising. Initial difficulties thus removed, the new rulers could with free hands commence the regeneration of the land. Starting under the favouring features of a national deliverance, the task would to a nation and to officials accustomed to the responsibilities of territorial expansion be one offering no special difficulties, but it is only reasonable to anticipate that the inborn traditions of a Republican nation will at first, at any rate, make the exercise of despotic or semi-despotic power somewhat uncongenial. And yet any other system of government would not only be unsuitable, but subversive to the general welfare and prosperity of the people, for to introduce without many years of preparation the free institutions of the United States, would be on a par with granting political freedom to an infant school. Compared with the European or American standard of intelligence and civilisation, the inhabitants of all those islands which form the great Malayan Archipelago are but as infants alongside a grown man, and to treat them otherwise than as infants is contrary to common sense, contrary to experience,

and contrary to the best interests of the subject race.

We have seen it stated that the Americans intend to model the constitution of the Philippines on the lines of a British protectorate, but before hastily deciding to do so it might be of advantage if American statesmen were to glance at any rate at the Dutch system of colonisation as exemplified by Java. There is much in this system which would be repugnant to American ideas, entailing as it does forced labour and Government monopolies; but America is a purely commercial nation and will probably expect the Philippines to pay their way, in which case the study of the methods by which this result can reasonably be anticipated may be of value.

It is dangerous to indulge in prophecy, but without entering on ground of too speculative a nature, it is possible to foresee that the day will come, and that before many years have run, when American statesmen and the American people will by the light of actual experience judge whether a departure in the direction of colonial acquisition has been a wise departure or not. The experiment must entail, not only a vast initial expenditure in developing the colonies, but, as an integral portion of the scheme, necessitates a considerable and costly increase to both the American army and navy. Flushed with success and infected with the flattering fascination of dominion, colonial expansion appears even to men born and bred

to the tenets of the Monroe doctrine at least a pleasurable excitement ; but when the cool business habits of a business nation some years hence call for a plain statement of accounts, it will probably depend greatly on the state of those accounts whether America still holds on to the policy of to-day or retraces her steps to the dividing of the ways and sets forth again on the old road which she has hitherto followed. Should this statement of accounts be hastily called for, and by hastily may be understood a period short of ten years, the experiment will in all probability be found to have been a very costly one, for colonial enterprises often take generations and sometimes centuries to mature into valuable assets. It will then be open to the present opponents of annexation to raise with additional force their arguments against the new policy, and by appealing to the pockets of the tax-payer turn the tide of popular feeling. Should such a reaction occur, the first instinct, from a purely commercial point of view, will be to look around for the most profitable manner of disposing of their unwelcome possessions. It will, in such an eventuality, be the duty of Great Britain to weigh carefully the new development in so far as she and her position in the Far East is concerned, and to consider whether, rather than allow the Philippines to fall into the hands of a possibly unfriendly Power, it would not be more favourable to the combined strength of the Empire to acquire these islands either by purchase or by ceding a territorial equiv-

alent from amongst our West Indian possessions. The question may arise before long, it may not arise for years, and it may never arise, but the contingency should nevertheless not be lost sight of by those who look steadfastly ahead at the vast problems of semi-universal dominion which appear to face the already dominant factor of the Anglo-Saxon races.

CHAPTER XIV

SAIGON

By way of Hong Kong — The Chinese pony again — The *Caledonian* — We arrive off Cape St. James at midnight — River banks flat and jungly — Saigon — Commercial inertia — A slumbering town — Awakening after nightfall — A Government-supported opera — The Garrison — A drive round — Lost sheep of the Paris boulevards — The opera — French soldiers — The Cape St. James position.

GLAD to have seen so interesting a country, we were yet not sorry to leave the Philippine Islands and to shape our voyage towards Saigon by way of the ever beautiful and never sufficiently appreciated British port of Hong Kong. The more enthusiastic writers occasionally entitle this splendid land-locked harbour the Naples of the East, as if Naples were the be-all and end-all of harbours great and small throughout the terrestrial globe. Even if the comparison were reversed and Naples was labelled the Hong Kong of the West, we should be getting somewhat more within the correct proportion of things. As a matter of fact, for majestic surroundings, colouring, and general attractiveness, I, for one, in my small wanderings have never seen Hong Kong equalled. It is worth a month's journey by

sea to live a week at Hong Kong, and can an indifferent sailor utter eulogy greater than this? To get there from Manila, though only a journey of sixty hours, costs a dollar an hour passage money, and that in the most heartrending class of coasting vessel, tramp, ditcher, or whatever craft you can secure. Heaven knows who built our craft, or what she was built for, but certainly not to carry passengers, or to ride out, as in our case, the tail end of a typhoon. However, sixty hours even of purgatory ends on the completion of 3,600 minutes, and the last of those found us in our oft-visited old quarters in that excellent caravanserai, the Hong Kong Hotel. Every time we enter that hotel we curse India and every shed, shanty, or building therein called an hotel. There is not a single hotel in the whole of that great country which, beside the Hong Kong Hotel, is more than what one of the old schoolmasters at Clifton used to call "a pothouse in hell" to the Cecil or Grand. In the course of these enlightened remarks the worthy author has worked himself up to some fine picturesque contempt for the state of the interior of the Philippines after three centuries of Spanish rule, but really it is an open question whether the British Government is not equally culpable in having allowed several centuries to elapse since its rule began in India without insisting on the establishment of at any rate one or two respectable hotels.

After a former visit to Hong Kong I got into terrible trouble with one of my critics for making

unfavourable remarks regarding the China pony as a polo-playing medium, and therefore took this opportunity to sit out an afternoon on the polo ground with a view to eating my words. But, alas! I find it impossible to alter the verdict then arrived at; nay, more, it received additional confirmation. Out of thirty ponies which we saw, there was only one, a dark chestnut, which in India would, as a polo pony, have fetched one hundred rupees. The rest were what we are accustomed to look upon as baggage ponies, pure and simple, and are in no sense either of the build, speed, or activity of a polo pony. Indeed, the majority look positively dangerous, lumbering along with their short, heavy necks and straight shoulders, veritable coffins on four legs. The price of these animals is, I understand, about \$350, and it seems a matter for great regret that this average is not expended in getting really suitable ponies from Australia or India. At an average price of Rs. 200 in the Punjab, or of £15 in Australia, an animal could be bought which would at once relegate the China pony to his true *métier* of drawing a cart or carrying a pack. It is said that the climate and forage of Hong Kong do not suit outside breeds, but no more do the climates of Singapore or Calcutta. The true causes are, however, easily discoverable and as easily obviated, and once acclimatised foreign breeds will probably prosper in Hong Kong as well as they do in India.

At this period the relations between France and

England were very much strained over the Fashoda question, and to those who were cruising between ports the pleasing possibility was always open of finding that war had been declared, and that a French cruiser was in the immediate offing. As this would have entailed spending a year or two's furlough in a French prison, we naturally approached the question of a visit to Saigon with some caution. Our first intention had been to work across direct from Manila to that port, but times were uncertain, and no British ships would run there, whilst trade in French or Spanish ships, dislocated by the late disturbances in the Philippines, had not yet been resumed. In Hong Kong we learnt definitely that the acute stage of the crisis had passed, and that we might with confidence take passage in a French ship calling at Saigon. In the ship selected we found an old friend, the *Caledonian* in which we had five years before voyaged to Japan; but all about her was changed, and, alas! not for the better. The captain and, still more to be lamented, Monsieur l'Agent, who used always to confide to us at meals intimate details concerning the state of his *estomac* and who kept the best table of any ship I have been on, had been transferred elsewhere. Honoured guests no longer, we English were relegated to the far end of the table, whilst the Russians and French basked in the sunlight at the captain's end, and the Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, and Spaniards were provided with a side table. Amongst other English passengers on board were Mr. Bainbridge, the

member for the Gainsborough division, and a very charming party, who were making the tour of the world together, combining business with pleasure by accumulating information about the resources of China and the bearings of the Far Eastern problem.

Saigon lies thirty miles up a river of the same name, which is navigable at all times for ships drawing not more than twenty-two feet, and at high tide for ships of any size. The rise and fall of the tide at Saigon itself is about six feet. The mouth of the river is guarded by a fortified position on Cape St. James, and possibly also by works at Cadoun on the opposite bank, though these are not visible to the passing ships. We arrived, I imagine of set purpose, opposite the fortifications at midnight, and proceeded up the river in pitch darkness, reaching Saigon soon after daylight. The river is very tortuous, and varies from 2,000 to 400 yards in breadth, the banks being flat and low, and up to within a few miles of Saigon covered as far as the eye can reach with thick impenetrable jungle standing ten or twelve feet high. For the last few miles, however, the country on both banks is under rice cultivation. Eleven merchant ships were in the river, our own making a twelfth; of these, six were French, three German, and three English. Of warships, there were the *Bayard*, a venerable French ironclad sent here to be dismantled and used as a hulk, and three small French gunboats, two for river work and the third a sea-going craft. There is not a con-



A Street in Saigon.

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tinuous stretch of wharfage, but the banks have been revetted, and jetties run out here and there. Twenty ships could probably at present find berths, but the wharfage might be indefinitely extended down the river to cover the largest requirements. The town of Saigon stands quite flat on the right bank of the river, and is about two miles long by the same distance in breadth. The streets are four square with the roadways in excellent order, and the side paths lined with avenues of trees, but life and business activity are conspicuous by their absence; the very shopkeepers are bored and listless, and all alike from top to bottom look on their sojourn in Saigon as a painful exile to be endured but not enjoyed. As a matter of fact the climate and surroundings of Saigon are no worse than those of Singapore or of a hundred cantonments in India and Burma, where the British merchant or soldier lives his life, and cheerfully makes the best of it. The Frenchman, on the contrary, has no amusements except loafing about cafés and playing dominoes; exercise he never takes, and looks on a game of polo as the pastime only of lunatics. Now, as we all know, occupation, and constant occupation, be it sport or business, is the only way to keep a sound liver and a cheerful disposition in a tropical climate, and, therefore, the depressed state of the European population of Saigon is accounted for. But not only in small matters are the French showing themselves unsuited for Eastern colonisation, but in such broader matters as mercantile enterprise, and an intelligent development of the

resources of these provinces, they are lamentably deficient. To quote one instance, rice being the chief export and at present the main source of income to the colony, it would be imagined that French capital would be readily embarked in this enterprise; much to our surprise, however, we learnt that of the six large firms engaged in this trade only one is French, the remainder being three German, one British, and one Greek. An equally unsatisfactory state of affairs is to be found in the interior, where rich tracts of country capable of raising produce of every description lie waste for want of capital, and where the mineral and geological treasures of the country are utterly neglected. In a spirit of hysterical rivalry France seizes possessions here and there in the nervous dread that if she does not do so she will gradually lose her standing amongst the nations of the world, but once secured she has neither the aptitude nor the inclination to attend to their natural development.

With this spirit of inertia abroad it was not surprising to find all the French shops closed at 11 A.M. though the day was beautifully cool, and one which would have been considered phenomenally so in Calcutta or Bombay. From 11 o'clock till sundown the town is a city of the dead, given over to a few stray Annamite cabdrivers and a sprinkling of Chinamen and Indians. Even the cathedral is closed and the barracks deserted, everybody apparently having gone to bed for the rest of the day. After nightfall the cafés light up and fill in a

half-hearted and mournful way, whilst a few soldiers issue like bats and stroll about the streets. To mitigate the appalling hardships of service at Saigon, the Government imports yearly at heavy expense an operatic company from Paris, and this is the soldiers' only pastime. Operas are no doubt excellent things, and form a welcome relaxation for the educated soldier's evening ; but speaking from a purely utilitarian point of view, the French Government would secure better results, and lose fewer soldiers from preventible causes, if it made the men play cricket and football and the officers polo before settling down to a long night in a stuffy opera-house. Imagine, for instance, the British subaltern taking his daily exercise in full uniform, reclining in a barouche or victoria like a dowager duchess !

Towards evening, when the messieurs had shaken themselves a bit free of their pyjamas, we tried the town again, and this time succeeded in getting into the cathedral and the post office, both of which are fine buildings. From the steeple of the cathedral an extensive view of the town and surrounding country is available. The Governor's palace, hard by the cathedral, is also a fine structure and worthy of passing notice. The barracks are commodious, double-storied buildings, but if a whole regiment is quartered in them, as was stated, the men must be somewhat tightly packed. The total French force in Saigon, we heard, consisted of two regiments of French infantry of the line, four Annamite regiments, and three companies of

French garrison artillery. Of this force one French infantry regiment and one company of artillery was reported to be stationed in Saigon and the balance of the Europeans were probably quartered at Cape St. James, whilst the native troops garrison the interior. Formerly a foreign legion was employed for continuous service in Saigon, and was composed of cut-throats of all nations, but the experiment was abandoned and regular line regiments take by roster a three-year tour of service here.

Without any further explanation than consists of walking into a carriage and waving the hand, one is at once carried for a drive round a circular road which encompasses the town. The road is excellent the whole way, bright brick-red in colour, and passes through a continuous avenue of trees, amongst which in parts houses and in parts rice fields are interspersed. Also, without directions, the drive either ends or commences with the Jardin d'Acclimation, a beautiful garden in which a very leggy elephant, three thin tigers, some leopards, and a pelican have caught the universal boredom of the place, and yawn dismally at the unwelcome visitor. The only cheerful occupants are a cageful of Indian minars, which hop and chirp about and declare that it is quite a delightful place. Our drive concluded at the Café Continental, where we consulted the Chinese waiter on the subject of drinks, and ended by trying absinthe, which every one else was drinking, and which we decided, after a sip, was the most noisome beverage which the

mind of man can imagine. Thus fortified we passed across the road and asked for dinner at the Hôtel de Saigon. A very Mephistopheles of a manager haughtily waved us to a seat, and we were served with a moderate dinner at a moderate price.

At two or three of the tables might be seen fashionably dressed ladies dining in solitary state, but evidently with a large circle of male acquaintances; and these eventually proved to be lost sheep of the Paris boulevards sojourning temporarily in Saigon for the consolation of the poor exiled French officers.

After dinner we again crossed the road to the opera-house, and there spent four solid hours hearing the opera of "Romeo and Juliet." The house was quite full, and included a bank of about 250 soldiers and sailors at the back. The company was good for the East, but bad for anywhere else, and the opera, like all other operas, suffered under the serious disadvantage of lack of intelligent action. Thus, when ten policemen are in pursuit of a culprit and miss him by a hair's-breadth at a street corner, do they in real life take that opportunity to sing a long song in chorus explaining how brave they are and what they intend doing next? Again, when one man runs another through the body, is it customary for the wounded man to sing solos at the top of his voice for ten minutes before dying? Finally, having taken a cup of deadly poison, which evidently puts the gentleman into great pain, will

he, in ordinary life, feel disposed to sing duets by the dozen until the kind man who has charge of the scenery closes his mouth by dropping the curtain? I may be a Philistine, but operas will be to me a source of more amusement than pleasure until these apparent anomalies in stage management are overcome. During the intervals I mixed with the soldiers outside, and knocked a certain amount of conversation out of them; but it was easy to see that my nation was not, at that moment, popular with them. They were a poor-looking lot, very young and mostly very sickly in appearance, and certainly not physically fit to stand up against a British regiment of the type to be seen in India. The more I see of Continental armies the less I like them: quality seems to be sacrificed entirely to quantity. The audience consisted almost entirely of men, a dozen or twenty ladies being scattered amongst them dressed in divers costumes varying from *grand tenue* to the low evening dress and black sailor hat of a lady in front of us. After the opera we joined Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge's supper party at the Hôtel de Saigon, and ended merrily a long day in the small hours of the morning.

Though matters had been so arranged as to bring us up at night, the mail contract would not allow of our waiting to drop down the river till nightfall, but with consummate guile it was contrived that we should pass the fortified position at the river mouth during the lunch hour.

Arriving half-an-hour before time, the emergency was met by putting on the clocks half-an-hour, and we were driven below by the polite persistency of the *maître d'hôtel*, who curiously enough on no other day concerned himself in the slightest as to whether passengers went down to lunch or not. The Frenchman is always apt to be a little ridiculous, but he is remarkably so when he is officiously fussing about something. Our conclusion after this short visit was that here lies a rich possession in the hands of a nation which is unable to profit by it or to bring profit to the land.

CHAPTER XV

A TRIP TO JAVA

International meal congress — Beer and Bologna sausage at 7 A.M. — Voyage to Batavia — Rates of passage — Baths on board — Arrival at Batavia — Hotels — Meals again — The rice table — Sanitary matters — Currency — The Dutch pronunciation — A trip to Garoet — Passports — Dutch railways — Beautiful scenery — Busy husbandry — Van Horck's hotel — Java coffee — Rival collections — Goentoer volcano — Sport in South Preanger — Dutch ladies and the Sarong — The Tjipannas baths — Our merry team — Bagendit — Snipe — A drive across country to Buitenzorg — Sendendlaja — Suicidal fowls — Buitenzorg — Pony market — Botanical gardens — Dutch troops — Batavia again — The Belgian Waterloo — St. Nicholas Day — Sarongs — The Dutch system of colonisation — Colonies to be worth keeping must pay — Slavery, despotism, or benevolent despotism — Government monopolies — Forced labour — Possible abuses — Increase of the population — The Dutch system as applied to Burma — Colonisation by a wealthy nation — Dutch military incapacity — Acheen — The monument of Victory — Pirating of the *Pegu* — Murder of Captain Ross — British mercantile dissatisfaction.

OUR acquaintance with the Dutch commenced on board the *Tambora*, then lying in Singapore harbour preparatory to starting for Batavia. The hour was 7 A.M., the month November, and our position almost astride of the equator. That being so, at 7.30 A.M., Greenwich mean time, we sat down with a smile of such cheerfulness as it is possible to

raise on these occasions, to a repast consisting of bottled beer, Bologna sausage, and salt junk. Mr. Henniker-Heaton has just managed to pull through his splendid measure for providing a penny postal rate throughout the British Empire; if, fired by his example, some other public-spirited member of Parliament would take up seriously the matter of international meals, he would confer a benefit on mankind. According to latitude and longitude, there might be certain fixed scales laid down, and the possibility of being confronted by beer and Bologna sausage in the early hours of a sultry morning might be avoided. The first result of beer at this hour is to make one unnaturally hilarious, in a certain ponderous manner, and apt to see points of humour in the kommandant spelling his name with a "k," and the ladies appearing at breakfast in their night-gowns, but the aftermath is worm-wood and unwholesome slumber.

Batavia, the general point aimed at in Java, is within easy reach of Singapore, the voyage occupying only forty-eight hours; and both the Dutch and French companies run weekly services to and fro. The passage rates are, however, high, being \$60 a ticket for the single and \$90 for the return journey. With my extremely limited knowledge of Dutch, I made out from the companies' books that some special concessions were allowed to officers, and mentioned the same to the agent at the booking office. That official was all politeness, and after

looking up the regulation in question, agreed with me that a concession was allowed to officers, but pointed out that the privilege only entitled him to pay a higher rate of passage than ordinary passengers. The Messageries Maritimes, the French company, on the other hand, gives a reduction of 15 per cent. on officers' tickets, which reduction is also extended to their wives, a very liberal regulation.

Of course no sane Englishman expects to find adequate washing arrangements on any foreign ship, and as regards the Dutch he will not be disappointed. A determined man after a diligent search may find a door labelled something very long in Dutch, which, being interpreted, means first-class bathroom; but on looking inside nothing but a cistern with a tap and a dipper is visible, giving the impression of a small pantry or wash-up place. This, however, really is the first-class bathroom, and we have to set to work and make the best of it. The gentlemen's bathroom had evidently not been used for a long time, for ablutions caused a perfect panic amongst all the cockroaches, who came bustling out from every direction, wondering what on earth was happening, and somewhat fearing that the ship was sinking.

The course from Singapore to Batavia passes down the coasts of Sumatra and Java, and between islands by the score, some hilly, some flat, some large, and some small, but all apparently covered

with dense forest. We had the sea as smooth as glass the whole way, and even in the most tempestuous times in these narrow straits it would be difficult to get up a sea sufficient to move much a big ship. The astonishing ignorance of travellers' agents concerning these parts is quite phenomenal; even the world-famed Thomas Cook and Son appeared to know of no land south of Singapore except Australia, and we actually did not find out anything about it till we got on board a Dutch ship and consulted the captain. From his chart and tariff table it appears that in the well-found and fairly comfortable ships of the Dutch company, Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij (but what is in a name!), a most comprehensive and delightful tour can be made amongst these islands, calling at numerous ports in Java and Sumatra, visiting Borneo and the Celebes, cruising amongst the rich Moluccas, and working back perhaps by Acheen and Penang to Singapore, Ceylon, or Calcutta. A round trip of this sort could be comfortably accomplished in a month or six weeks, and leisurely in two months, and the cost though high is by no means alarming.

The entrance to Batavia harbour is of no remarkable beauty nor in any way striking. The coast is flat and thickly wooded, whilst in the far distance a range of mountains is visible. A natural creek has been broadened and dredged into the likeness of a canal about a mile long, running inland, and about

300 yards wide, with a fine row of wharves and warehouses, alongside of which ships can lie. From the docks to Batavia is a distance of about ten miles, which distance is covered by train in twenty minutes. The train service is constant from 7.20 A.M. till dark, and passengers arriving at any hour in the day have no great delay to fear. All baggage has first to pass through the custom-house, and the officials are especially alert to discover cigars and opium. The latter luxury had lately been discovered in large quantities in the last place where such things usually are to be found—a lady's bonnet box.

The sanitary arrangements at the station are kept under lock and key, and application has to be made to the stationmaster, a brilliant being in a scarlet and gold *képi*, for the key; the interior is perhaps hardly worthy of this elaborate caution. Arriving at Batavia town station, a long drive of twenty-five minutes carries one to the region of hotels and to the outskirts of the residential quarter. This distance can be covered either by steam tram or by carriage, the latter being necessary with luggage.

Of the hotels the Hôtel des Indes and the Netherlands Hotel are well spoken of, and at the recommendation of a Dutch fellow-traveller we favoured the latter. Quite a respectable place it proved, and evidently popular, but not a glittering light in the firmament of hostelry. Travellers' tales are proverbially full of eating and drinking, and it would be a

pity therefore to disappoint the reader. Moreover, Dutch customs in Java in this respect are somewhat different from those of other nations. Thus in the early morning, when you are engaged in sorting over your sins and are sadly regretting the lost years of a misspent life, instead of being gently soothed and smoothed into a more terrestrial frame of mind by tea or coffee and something light, you are at this most inopportune moment suddenly faced by great slices of semi-raw beef, terrific-looking cold sausages, and layers of very tough and very salt shoe leather, or an exact counterpart of that useful article. The sight of these things is suggestive only of an early and violent end, and therefore with the recklessness of despair you probably also drink a bottle of beer.

Feeling now like a navvy at 11 P.M. on Saturday night, it is only natural that you should go for a wild drive through the town and buy every conceivable thing that cannot possibly be of any use to you. At one o'clock comes the solemn function of the day, the rice table, which corresponds in epoch to the tiffin of other Eastern ports. Rice table consists of a foundation of rice, in a soup plate, more or less in quantity according to the robustness of the performer's appetite; to him enter twenty servants in single file, each bearing a different dish, the contents of all and each of which are strangers to a foreigner, but which should, however, be heroically piled one after another on

to the rice foundation. Then mix thoroughly and eat with a spoon. This unique dish is, as a novelty, endurable, but after a few days becomes an object of horror and even loathing. A serious drawback also to the arrangement is that before one gets thoroughly set to business the whole pile has become stone cold, and the reason is capable of mathematical demonstration. Thus if at 1 P.M. the rice foundation is hot, which it never is, and it takes one minute only to add each of the twenty condiments, and they also were hot, which they never are, it stands to reason that the whole mass has had at least twenty minutes to get colder since it left the kitchen. The inexperienced beginner tries to commence eating when he has taken three or four of the accessories, but he might as well try to eat in face of a cavalry charge; the only possible course open is to sit tight whilst the storm rolls slowly by, and to escape with as few condiments under fifteen in number as possible. If the rice table could be served hot, and hot once a month, and then not too much of it at a time, not a word could be said against the institution. It is, however, another international grievance that after having been led to negotiate this gargantuan course, and when one is feeling exactly like one of the little black boys in India, who wear nothing but a string round their little waists, and try to burst that string by filling their little selves with rice, there are placed before one rude joints of beef, which

from their appearance can have barely flitted through the kitchen. Yet this is a daily occurrence in Java, and Lord Salisbury has hitherto taken no notice of it.

At four o'clock, execrable tea or the most admirable coffee may be obtained in one's rooms, and after that those wise virgins, male and female, who wish to escape the rush of the morning take their baths. A bath here, as on shipboard, consists of standing on a grating, bailing water out of a cistern, and pouring it over one's lordly person. This class of bathing is an enlightened advance on the customs of the Spaniards as elsewhere detailed, but may still be classed as mediæval. In English history it is, I believe, understood that Richard Cœur de Lion thus performed his ablutions on such occasions as he managed to escape out of armour. The cold comfort of a marble throne, beside which are ranged bottles of water, cover the sanitary requirements of the situation.

Dinner in Java is much like dinner anywhere else, and might be the same familiar friend which we meet on land and sea from Shanghai to Suez. The daily charge for board and lodging is five gulden a head per diem, a gulden being 1*s.* 8*d.*

The currency in the Netherland Indies is somewhat puzzling at first, for instead of adhering to decimals, as with the dollar, we have here coins worth two and a half of this or that, and halves and quarters of something else. Thus, taking the gulden

as the standard, we find that it is at the time of writing worth 1s. 8d., or when compared with the dollar, at the rate of 115 gulden to 100 dollars. This is bad enough to start with, but confusion is worse confounded when we find that a $2\frac{1}{2}$ gulden coin is exactly the same size as the British or Mexican dollar, though it represents about two of either; whilst a silver gulden, which is nearly the same value as the British and Mexican dollars, is only half the size of these. So also with half and quarter gulden pieces, they represent coins of twice their size in the usual currency of the Far Eastern ports. Attention has been drawn to these facts because the traveller, insensibly accustomed to the size of the usual coins, is apt to pay double or more than he should when expending his small change in the Dutch Indies. I mention the matter with some feeling, for it took us twenty-four hours to discover it, during which period we made a certain number of coolies and cabdrivers for ever discontented with their just fares. Those who are interested in etymological subjects will be glad to find amongst these coins an old friend, the "stuiver," corrupted in our slang phrase into "stiver," value five cents.

Dutch names are proverbially difficult for an Englishman to pronounce, and therein Spanish shows to great advantage. Practically everything in this latter language is pronounced exactly as it is spelt, and an Englishman who has knowledge of French and Latin, with a smattering of Italian, can in the

course of a few weeks pick up quite enough to read and understand a Spanish newspaper. So undoubtedly does German help one with Dutch, but the simplicity of phonetic pronunciation is absent. Perhaps, therefore, it will be of assistance if mention is made of a few of the most prominent differences. First, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*, must be pronounced as in French; *ei* and *ji* are pronounced as is the vowel sound in the French word *pays*; *au* and *ou* are pronounced like the *ow* in the English word *now*; *eu* as in French; *oe* like the English *oo*; and *iu* like the *œu* in the French *œuil*. But many of the words and signs are immediately intelligible to the eye, whether we know how to pronounce them or not. Thus a *zadler* can be nothing but a saddler, *wachtkamer* the waiting-room, *uit-gang* the place of exit, and so on, but to pronounce them is quite a different matter. There is, however, for English-speaking travellers little need to use any language but English; every second Dutchman one meets understands English, and can speak it with more or less fluency; and the longest railway or boat journey may with confidence be taken without knowing a word of any language but English. Of course, off the beaten tracks, and in conversing with the natives, English is of little value, but one can rub along somehow; indeed, if it was imperative to learn a language before one visited a country, who would be bold enough to travel extensively?

Leaving Batavia to be described later, let us get

away into the highlands of the interior, and see what manner of country this is. By the advice of a Dutch gentleman we shaped our course first for Garoet, a charming little old-fashioned spot in the main range of mountains. But before starting it may be noted that within three days of landing it is necessary for all foreigners to obtain a passport from a Dutch official, called the Resident, at the port of disembarkation, and notices to this effect are posted in all the hotels, railway stations, and railway carriages. The charge made for a passport is $1\frac{1}{2}$ gulden. Like all good things the only fast train of the day into the interior takes some catching, for it starts from Batavia at 6 A.M. The station, which is a different one from that reached on arrival from the docks, mercifully lies handy to the hotels, so that by rising at 5 A.M. sharp one can breakfast and get down to the train in good time.

As long as one has only hand baggage the whole matter is as easy as possible, and compares very favourably with the British Indian system. We all know what that is — Baboodom personified, almost deified. People who have never visited India will hardly believe that the ticket clerk, in nine cases out of ten, has to look up each fare and write with pen and ink with his own fair hand the destination of the traveller and the date and the price of the ticket on it. If we add that the simple matter of a dog ticket has to be written out in manuscript in triplicate, and the luggage ticket in duplicate, the

uninitiated will say that this is a romance. Yet these are solemn truths; given one man, one dog, and one box of luggage, and you are exceedingly lucky if you run through the arduous task of taking your ticket in less than half-an-hour. The Java railways are a delightful contrast to this. "Two firsts to Garoet," "Thirty gulden," "Thank you," "Thank you," and it is all over, the ticket clerk being not a European, but a Chinaman. The gradients being heavy the trains are made up light, two first, one second, one third-class carriages and a brake-van alone composing the express. The line is metre-gauge, and the seats in some carriages are arranged lengthwise, as in the interior of an omnibus, and in some easy chairs are fixed back to back as in a Pullman car. Some of the third-class carriages are double-storied, as in France. A fairly well-laid permanent way and well-hung carriages make the running smooth and comfortable enough, whilst a small latrine is attached for the convenience of long-distance travellers. Immediately after leaving Batavia the line begins to rise gradually, passing through the most varied and lovely scenery, made the more enjoyable by bright sunshine and the cool morning air. Perhaps few travellers have passed through a more rich and beautiful country than Java, and certainly we in all our wanderings had never seen its equal. Green hills and valleys everywhere, deep ravines down which torrents roar, majestic mountains scarred here and there by volcanic eruptions, but elsewhere

cultivated almost to their summits. On every side signs of busy husbandry, and not a spare yard of unused land anywhere to be seen. Rice in all its stages, from the light green of the nursery beds to the rich green of the maturing crop and the yellow of the ripening ear, all side by side, a perennial plant, seed time and harvest conterminous, the crop just gathered making room for a new one to be planted out. Besides rice, which forms apparently the staple produce, may be seen tea, coffee, and tobacco on hillsides favourable for their growth; and clumps of cocoa-nut palms, plantains, gigantic ferns, and fancy palms find place where other crops will not grow. In every field are busy people sowing, weeding, ploughing, or reaping, whilst their snug little villages are dotted here and there amidst groves of delightful trees. Java has been called the "Garden of the East," and in so far as the title is symbolic of the beauty of the country, it fits the case, for we have here a combination of the loveliest portions of England and of the Tyrol. The rugged grandeur of the Himalayas or of the Alps is no doubt absent, but for smiling prosperity combined with an all-round attractiveness of scenery, Java is perhaps unequalled.

The railway runs practically the whole length of the island, from Batavia to Soerabaji, and must have cost several fortunes to construct, for the whole journey appears to be a series of cuttings, embankments, and bridges, with a tunnel thrown

in here and there. After running for about an hour, the first important place, Buitenzorg, is reached. This is the hill station of Batavia, and here reside the Governor-General and his Council and such of the prosperous business residents of Batavia as do not mind an hour's run to and from their business daily. Buitenzorg is only 1,000 feet above the sea, but this slight rise ensures a sensible reduction in the temperature. On another occasion we will stop here and describe the place. Running on at a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, at midday Bantoeng, the next important town, is reached. Here lunch is brought on board the train in pyramids of little dishes fitting one on top of another, and threaded together by a wooden frame,—our old friend, in fact, of the Simla Government offices. Light refreshments, such as biscuits, fruit, beer, and claret, can be obtained at nearly all stations, but a square meal at Bantoeng is recommended. This remark is made with some sadness, for acting on the misplaced advice of a Dutch gentleman, we allowed this golden opportunity to pass, and consequently did not get a square meal till 8 P.M., a stretch of fifteen hours on biscuit and rubbish. In the middle of the day the temperature went up somewhat, but nothing to quarrel with, a nice fresh breeze and occasional showers making thin serge clothes quite acceptable. At 2 P.M. we reached Tjibatoe, where a change is made to a branch line which runs to Garoet in three-quarters of an hour.

Here the tout for Van Horck's Hotel, the best in the place, is found on the platform, and 100 yards' walk brings one to Van Horck's itself. The hotel is arranged on what is known as the pavilion system, that is, an arrangement by which three or four sets of quarters, each in a separate little building, are dotted about amongst the trees of a fairly extensive garden. The garden, as one enters, has quite the appearance of an aviary, our host apparently being a great bird fancier, and in every nook and corner are to be found spacious cages in which birds of every hue and description are evidently having a very enjoyable time. Hat in hand near one of these we meet Herr Van Horck himself, a polite and affable old gentleman, who receives us with much courtesy and moderate English, but who simply roars with laughter at the bare idea of giving us lunch. What, lunch at 3 P.M.? Mein Gott! what an excruciatingly funny idea! What rich and original humour! And off he goes into the wildest merriment again. We were exceedingly hungry and not feeling at all jocular, but the old gentleman's good humour was contagious, and we agreed to be staved off with coffee and rusks until dinner time at 8 P.M. This being the slack season and the hotel nearly empty, possibly our host had nothing to give us on the spur of the moment, and thus tactfully skated over a dangerous moment, for no one is more peevish and unreasonable than a tired and hungry traveller.

A recent traveller in this island has poured a wholesale condemnation on the coffee. We were at a complete loss to understand this, for anything more delicious than Java coffee as served at any of the hotels or private houses cannot be found in any country. Of course, tastes differ, and the palate educated to the appalling atrocities of England and America may not at once appreciate the subtle excellence of the finished article. But those who have hovered on the brink of perfection in Paris and Vienna will here in Java find coffee in perfection. The berry is freshly roasted and ground, and then through the coffee cold water is allowed to drip till a very strong essence is formed. This essence is served up cold in small glass jars, flanked on each side by a jug of hot water and a jug of hot milk. About a tablespoonful of the coffee or more, according to the size of the cup, is then poured into the cup, and on it hot water or milk or both according to individual taste. The result is ambrosia, and no harm is done by the addition of half a liqueur glass of old brandy. These are the right ways of drinking Java coffee; the wrong way is to fill the cup nearly full of coffee essence and then add as little milk as one would with tea or with the English abomination called coffee; the sufferer will then think he is drinking Stephen's blue-black ink, and abuse Java coffee accordingly.

Whilst waiting that long hungry five hours for dinner at Van Horck's, we strolled round the town.

This can be done comfortably in about half-an-hour, and during it we added to our two modest collections. My collection consists of sleeve-links, made each pair of the small gold or silver coins of each of the countries visited, and my wife's consists of match-box labels. I am ready to sell the label collection for £100; the sleeve-link collection is not for sale. There are about seventy houses inhabited by Dutchmen in Garoet, officials, residents, and visitors; and about a couple of hundred native huts; quite a small country place, in fact, with nothing exciting about it except the surrounding scenery. Straight opposite, almost due north and only three miles distant, stands Goentoer, one of the most active volcanoes in Java, its near side seamed to the base with a stream of blackened lava, and a loud roar and showers of ejected stones showing that it is still active. On other sides of the broad valley in which Garoet lies may be seen several other volcanic-shaped hills, some of which are still in a state of eruption. Of these Papandajan is the most easily reached, a drive of eleven miles and then a ride of a couple of hours bringing one to the lip of the crater, whence, according to the pleasingly picturesque language of the guide book, "the whizzing, seething, and snorting bottom" can be seen. In the middle distance, Garoet is surrounded on all sides with terraces of rice, whilst here and there may be seen a coffee plantation, a tea garden, or a sugar-cane field.

Garoet, too, may be made the starting-point for

a sporting trip into South Preanger, where it is reported that tigers, rhinoceroses, panthers, wild buffaloes, deer, and wild boars may be shot. However, these are mere minor matters compared to dinner after fifteen hours of infants' food. Eight o'clock arrived at last, and two Dutch ladies and five Dutch gentlemen, besides ourselves, sat down to it. The food at Van Horck's is passing fair, but the wines here, as elsewhere in Java, are high priced; a dollar and a half for light wines, called most appropriately "rood tafel wijn," or rude table wine, is expensive. Then no such thing as the homely bottle of soda water is apparently to be obtained in the length and breadth of the land, and recourse has to be made to Apollinaris water at about a shilling a bottle.

We have all heard piquant details of the simple undress of Dutch ladies in Java throughout the day, but the reality is strictly, even painfully, proper. At breakfast and lunch, and about the roads in the morning, they certainly do appear in the native costume, which consists of a sarong or loin cloth, reaching to the ankles, a linen jacket, grass slippers, and bare heads. This sounds rather a sketchy costume, but though somewhat unbecoming, it is comparatively decent. Unmarried girls are not allowed the privilege, if such it may be called, of wearing native costume; this is reserved for married women, who evidently once they have secured a husband neglect their figures. A good

stout old *frau* in a sarong is a sight for the gods, and would make an Indian prince, who rejoices exceedingly in fat women, simply cry with envy. At dinner, however, sarongs are tabooed, and, doubtless with much craning and creaking, the good ladies are squeezed into corsets, and naturally appear somewhat bounteous in all directions. The climate is held responsible for this divergence from European habits, but really custom and comfort are the causes, for in the hills it is quite chilly, and nothing would induce me to wear a sarong except with an ulster underneath it. The Dutch gentlemen wear white or cloth clothes always in public. The bathing and sanitary arrangements at Van Horck's are very good.

This is essentially a place for loafing about and doing nothing, but even the most indolent can struggle in a carriage two and a half miles towards the Goentoer Volcano for a bath in the hot springs at the foot of it. The name of the village is Tjipannas, and here square brick baths let into the ground and covered by bamboo huts give the visitor all he wants. The water is just nicely warm, very soft, and only very slightly medicated, and the charge is twenty cents. A little further afield, about six or seven miles from Garoet, lies a small lake or large pond, called Bagendit, which gives an object for a delightful drive in a little two-wheeled cart, drawn by three spanking ponies harnessed abreast. The middle pony is put in the shafts and

driven as in single harness, and the two outside ponies are harnessed to outriggers and driven as a pair, the reins crossing the middle pony's back. Our team consisted of greys, and the middle pony was quite a character; you could see him squinting down through the side of his blinkers, first one side and then the other, to see whether his *confrères* had their breast bands taut and were doing their fair share of work, and if he caught them shirking he gave them a hint first, and if that did not work, nailed the delinquent with his teeth by the scruff of the neck. At all the hills he said, "Now then, boys, buck up," and all three would flourish their tails and go flying up with the greatest possible enjoyment. At sharp corners, too, it was a standing joke with them to fly suddenly round and scatter people, dogs, and poultry right and left. I never saw three ponies enjoy themselves so much as did those three light-hearted little chaps over fourteen miles of up hill and down dale. The lake or pond of Bagendit is covered with pink lotus, and the villagers were catching some sizable fish. We went for a solemn tour round the pond in a sort of hut lashed on three canoes, this being apparently the proper thing to do. The charge for this luxury was two gulden, according to the tariff board, but having nothing but a five-gulden note, which the whole village could not change, the official in charge accepted instead what small change we had, and went away contented.

As may be imagined in a country covered with wet crops, as is Java, snipe are to be found in great abundance, and lie mostly along the hummocks of grass that terrace off the fields. The railway between the stations of Bandung and Tjitjalengka passes one of the best pieces of snipe country, named Rantja Ekek, where snipe-shooting contests are annually held amongst the Dutch officers. Some very heavy bags are made on these occasions.

By way of varying our return journey to Batavia, we determined to leave the railway at Tjandjoer, and to make our way across country to Buitenzorg, hoping thereby to see something more of the country and people. But the experience was not a very happy one. To start with, Dutch engineers, having no hills in their own country, have apparently no notion of grading a road. It is, therefore, quite possible to have a ten-mile climb all against the collar, and in parts so steep as to require four ponies to draw a light cockleshell of a two-wheeled trap at foot's pace, whilst larger conveyances, even empty, require four stout ponies and a pair of bullocks to get up the steepest parts. Similarly, on reaching the summit, a sixteen-mile descent, in parts almost perpendicular, may lie before one. The roads are broad and metalled throughout with round pebbles; these in the more frequented parts bind together into a good road, but in the higher and less frequented parts lie about loose, making the going heavy and tiresome for the ponies.

At Tjandjoer we hired a couple of two-wheeled cars, each with three ponies, one for ourselves and one for our handbags and odds and ends. Our destination that day was Sendendlaja, reputed to be a hill resort of the most enticing description, and distant about fourteen miles. A good ten miles of that distance was dead against the collar, with only a couple of short respites of a few hundred yards each; the mountains were mostly blotted out with thick mist, and the near view was not worth the climb. Finally, at the end of our journey we arrived at a huge, pretentious-looking, double-storied barn, around and inside which the silence of the tomb sat brooding. After considerable delay we got hold of the manager, and were shown to some mangy-looking rooms, and regaled on poisonous fare at exorbitant rates.

The Dutch are excellent people in most ways, and regulate some matters very carefully; thus all hotel servants have to wear a red collar to their coats to denote their calling; but one thing they have forgotten to legislate for, and that is to make it a capital offence for any manager, assistant-manager, or clerk of an hotel to wear a sarong except at night. For this reason, that it is not good manners for the manager to appear in a sarong, and as he apparently always has one on, the visitor has to do without him, or else on each occasion wait while he dresses himself.

Shaking off the dust of Sendendlaja from our

feet, we next day headed for Buitenzorg, about twenty miles distant by road. A very stiff rise of four miles brought us to the top of the divide, and thence we slid down precipitous and pebbly inclines for the best part of sixteen miles to Buitenzorg. The summit of the range is finely wooded, but a Scotch mist much obscured the view, which on a fine day must be very extensive. Up to the top of the divide we had to have four ponies, and for the descent three, though the harnessing arrangements are so defective that nearly the whole weight is on the middle pony going down hill. Once clear of the woods the whole country is cultivated in terraces, every available yard being taken up. Rice predominates, but tea, coffee, and tapioca plantations may be seen. On the lower levels the road is good and the gradient easy. A few small villages and many native huts are passed on the road, but domestic animals seem scarce; a few cows and buffaloes, fewer sheep and some goats being all that were visible throughout our journey. The goats are quaint little fellows, very cobby, and the kids look like a cross between a black and tan terrier and a black rabbit. The sheep are peculiarly unhappy looking; shearing not apparently being resorted to, each sheep sheds his coat as best he may, and looks decidedly woebegone during the process. Ducks and poultry and geese appear plentiful. The ducks and geese we saw were nearly all white, and the fowls were of many breeds, from bantams and houdins to mixed breeds of all sizes,

shapes, and colours. I forget whether fowls of all countries are suicidally inclined, but certainly Java fowls are; it is only necessary to watch any particular cock or hen for five minutes to see it escape a violent death by the skin of its teeth, if one may use such a term of a bird, at least three times. Thus, if a carriage is coming down the hill at the rate of twelve miles an hour, the fowl under observation, without any apparent reason, will start to cross the road, so timing its departure and pace as to arrive just under the horses' feet at the moment of passing. Having escaped this danger with a desperate scramble and cackle, it will loaf into a neighbouring shed where women are pounding rice with great beams. So long as the woman is minding her business and watching each thud she gives the rice, our friend the chicken keeps out of the way; stealing rice would be much too safe an undertaking then. But if the woman looks down the road, or turns round to gossip with a neighbour, still pounding away, meanwhile that reckless bird will assuredly grasp this opportunity for trying to grab rice, and again only escapes death by a miracle. Not having yet had sufficient excitement, it now goes off and stands exactly six inches behind the heels of a kicking pony, and begins picking honorary members from under its wings or preening its tail. The pony in due course gives a kick sufficient to knock down a bullock, but again that fowl escapes scathless. These are only a few of the risks which a Java

chicken daily runs, but doubtless he has hundreds of other methods for adding excitement to an otherwise tedious existence.

At Buitenzorg we found that it was the market day, a busy scene, especially in the pony market, where some very nice little beasts were changing hands at from 45 to 80 dollars. The local ponies rarely run over 13 hands in height, and any larger animals seen about are of imported stock, the Australian market supplying a few cobs for the upper classes. Buitenzorg may almost be described as a hill suburb of Batavia, from which it is distant about an hour and a half by train, standing about 1,000 feet above sea level. The rise is not much, but the difference in climate is very marked, and again we were stricken with wonder that ladies dressed only in sarongs and linen jackets did not at once die of pneumonia, peritonitis, rheumatism, or half a dozen other deadly diseases. The two best hotels are the Hôtel Bellevue and the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer, both good enough as hotels go in the East, and the charge is five gulden a head per diem. This also like Garoet is essentially a place for lolling about and doing nothing in, for there is nothing to do except stroll about the botanical gardens. To horticulturists these are a treat indeed, claiming as they do to be the finest botanical gardens in the East. A very fine avenue of canary trees, up each of which is trained a different creeper, leads to the Governor-General's palace, which, with the

houses of several officials, stands in the midst of the gardens. The palace itself is not a very majestic pile, and such majesty as it has is a good deal discounted by its plain white-washed exterior.

The major part of the Dutch troops appear also to be quartered here, purely local corps raised and maintained under local conditions, as were the troops of the East India Company. A Dutch gentleman told us that there are about 30,000 troops in the Dutch Indies, the regiments being composed of German, Swiss, Dutch, and native soldiers, all mixed. European and native soldiers are consequently dressed alike, and intermingled one with another in all ranks except that of officer. The uniform consists of a dark blue cloth tunic and trousers, with yellow piping and brass buttons. The helmet is dark blue with brass ornaments, and the forage cap, also dark blue, is shaped like our field-service cap, but with a couple of streamers behind. Belts and accoutrements are of black leather. The officers, who are all Dutch, wear a shako very much like that worn in the British infantry twenty-five years ago. A great many of the Dutch non-commissioned officers, and some officers after putting in their tour of service, appear to settle down in the country, but traders and merchants mostly return to Holland to finish their days. A Dutch soldier gets a bonus of 800 gulden on enlistment, and a native soldier 300 gulden, but the pay is low, the European clearing only the equivalent to elevenpence a week,

and the native soldier eightpence for the same period, but, in addition to rations and clothing, the men are allowed to take outside work, such as gardening, shaving, and hair cutting, and dog washing. The latter sounds a curious occupation for a soldier, but the Javanese, being Mohammedans, will not look after dogs, so that those who keep them have either to clean them themselves or else hire a soldier to do so. The men enlist for a term of ten years' service with the colours, and are allowed to re-engage for a further term if found medically fit. Every European in Java, whether a Dutchman or not, is compelled to join the "Volunteers," this force being considered a sort of white race insurance against a possible rising of the natives. The duties are not arduous, but consist of turning out once a week or so for drill, and the obligation to parade at once should the fire alarm sound in any part of the town. Exemptions from service are made only in the case of officials such as consuls, and military discipline is exacted, as was not long ago experienced by an Englishman. It appears that the Dutch sergeant who was drilling him made some facetious remarks, as is the habit of drill sergeants, regarding his awkwardness. The Englishman, as he explained afterwards, was not going to stand impertinence from a d——d Dutchman, and, therefore, politely but firmly requested him "to go to h—ll." For this offence he was tried by court martial, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. Having

thus upheld discipline, the Dutch authorities very wisely tempered justice with mercy by allowing the Englishman to put in his term of imprisonment at his leisure. He accordingly went about his business during the week, and if he had nothing better to do on Saturday afternoon and Sunday he worked off time, his arrival on these occasions with a string of servants carrying his long chair, whiskeys and sodas, tinned provisions of all sorts, and a pile of novels, being thoroughly Gilbertian.

The Dutch, with the sound common sense which contrasts well with the mischievous action of certain misguided if well-intentioned bodies of English men and women, boldly grasp the problem of the soldiers' health in a tropical climate, and take steps even more comprehensive and effective than those which formerly existed in India to keep the soldier whole and hearty, fit to serve his country in the present, and in the future to beget sound and healthy progeny to the nation.

Everybody has agreed in describing Batavia as an uninteresting place, and perhaps that verdict may stand. I don't think it pretends to be anything else. In shape it is a long rope, commencing with a knot for the Tanjong Priok Docks on the sea, with another knot representing the business quarter of Batavia, and winding up with a final knot where the private residences, hotels, and barracks are situated. The rope is about fifteen miles long. The two places of interest

to which the visitor is directed are the Waterloo Plain and the King's Plain, and these are as interesting as Woolwich Common or the Green Park. Waterloo Plain is a square grass field measuring about half a mile each way, and looks as if it was never used for anything but haymaking. The King's Plain is even more forlorn-looking, being a good deal larger. Both are large enough to hold two or three good polo, football, cricket, and tennis grounds, but with the exception of a deserted tennis court in one corner of the King's Plain no signs of sport are visible.

In the middle of the Waterloo Plain is erected a yellow factory chimney, on the top of which stands a small bronze poodle. This monument commemorates the glorious victory won by the heroic Belgians on June 18th, 1815, at the village of Waterloo, whereby the peace of the world was assured. I am glad we discovered this monument, for the only battle of Waterloo hitherto mentioned in history was won by the English and Prussians, the Belgian troops on that occasion having apparently gone off hurriedly to do some shopping in Brussels. We now know, however, that at the real battle of Waterloo no British or Prussian troops were present, the Belgians having alone and unsupported, to their undying honour, completely defeated Napoleon and the veteran legions of France.

There is a nice row of good shops all brightly

lighted up in the evening along the Noordwijk, a picturesque thoroughfare with a canal running down the centre, the roads on each side being lined with rows of detached houses, hotels, shops, and private residences. We happened to be in Batavia on St. Nicholas Eve, the festival amongst the Dutch which corresponds with our Christmas Eve. All the shops were illuminated, and at the principal ones bands of music attracted crowds of purchasers, mostly children, — indeed, the patriarchal dimensions of most of the Dutch families speaks well for the future of the colony. Three outdoor cafés, at which the children were being treated to ices and syrups, also did a very good business, only damped just before eight o'clock by a heavy downpour of rain. Next day being St. Nicholas Day, friendly visits are exchanged and presents made to the children, the shops and business places remain open, and during the evening the same illuminations take place, and the bands strike up. Some of these we heard playing all night, their ardour only quenched by a shower of rain which came on at 4 A.M. next morning, which, considering that they began to play at 6 P.M. the evening before, makes the performance no mean one. We had heard a great deal about the excellence of the Batavian bands, and especially of the military bands which play at the Harmonic and Military Clubs, but we were somewhat disappointed to find that they were not at all above the average of British bands in India, and lacked the softening

which our best bands have secured by the liberal addition of reed instruments.

There are no curios or objects of local interest to be bought in Java except sarongs, a sarong being the skirt or loin cloth worn by all alike, men and women, Dutch and Javanese. The sarongs in ordinary wear are mostly of dark blue and brown patterns, blended very happily with a shade of yellow or white showing up here and there; others are of more pronounced patterns on a white background. The best ones are, however, hand-painted, with birds, flowers, and various devices on white cotton backgrounds, such sarongs costing as much as 25 to 30 gulden apiece. The work is beautifully done, but the result is exactly like and by no means more effective than the ordinary printed goods of Manchester, which cost as many pence per yard as the hand-painted materials do gulden. Nearly the whole of the petty trade of the place is in the hands of Chinamen, the Javanese under the Dutch system of colonisation being kept busy enough in the fields.

This same Dutch system of colonisation has been the subject of much abuse and much eulogy, and it was partly with a view to seeing the results of it on the spot that we visited Java. The root of the system is that a colony owned by a poor country like Holland must, to justify its retention, be a paying concern. Opulent nations may, perhaps,

be able to colonise on opulent principles and possess colonies as luxuries, or as outward and visible signs of wealth and affluence, much in the same manner as a rich man acquires a grouse moor, a deer forest, and a salmon river. But a poor nation, like a poor man, must look carefully to the balance sheet and accept firmly the principle that to be worth retention colonies must pay their own way, and if possible show a yearly surplus in hard cash like any other mercantile undertaking. In evolving this principle the so-called Dutch system of colonisation was developed. The system may be described as slavery, despotism, or benevolent despotism, according to the point of view taken. If forced labour not paid for by a daily wage in cash is slavery, then the natives of the Dutch Indies were, and still partially are, slaves, and the domain is in whole or part a slave-worked estate. If, however, such a mode of obtaining labour materially benefits the labourer, the term slave becomes inappropriate, and the system may be termed only despotic. Further, if in addition to the material benefit of the individual, the wealth, prosperity, and national intelligence of the people as a whole is raised, the term benevolent despotism may be held to be not misapplied.

With the results of some centuries of Dutch rule in the East before us, we may with justice perhaps extend to it the more pleasing and generous title of a benevolent despotism, but before proceeding further a brief outline of this form of government

may be given. Broadly speaking, then, all the more valuable products of the islands were practically Government monopolies, amongst these being coffee, tea, tobacco, and sugar-cane in Java and Sumatra, and spices, nutmegs, cloves, &c., in the Moluccas and other islands. The original native territorial divisions were strictly preserved, and each petty chief reigns nominally in his own domain, but attached to the court of each chief is a resident, a Dutch official, who by courtesy advises, but in reality commands. Each little principality is again divided into village areas under a headman, and now comes in the benevolent despotism; each one of those villages was in the monopoly days obliged by law to cultivate every available acre of land within its area with such crops as might be most suitable, or as the resident might direct. The harvest of these crops, however, instead of being the property of the cultivators, had to be delivered into the Government granaries or stores at a fixed rate, which, as a rule, was very much below the value of the produce in the open market. Of the proceeds thus made, a percentage went to the chief of the district, a percentage to the village headman, and the balance was divided among the villagers according to the strength of their families and the amount of labour supplied.

The profits made by the Dutch Government were naturally very high, but it must be remembered that vast sums had in the past been expended in introduc-

ing the various industries, and in extending gradually the areas under cultivation. Again, though this did not often occur, the Dutch paid the villagers the price agreed upon for a term of years, even if by so doing they were paying more than the market value. Such a case occurred in the island of Amboyna, where the price of cloves having suddenly fallen, the Government was buying cloves from the villagers at prices much higher than those prevailing in the outside market. It is quite apparent, however, to any one with a knowledge of Eastern nations, that a system of government, based on these principles, unless very carefully safeguarded, lays itself open to serious abuses. Thus the headman would, in the ordinary course of events, squeeze the villagers, or, at any rate, rob them of a portion of their percentage. The chief of the district would in his turn squeeze the headmen of villages, and the resident, if of the Spanish pattern, would take his dues out of the chief, the whole weight of the pyramid of corruption falling in reality on the villagers. If, however, speculation existed, it was evidently kept within decent limits, for, in so far as the outsider is capable of judging, the system has produced an agricultural population which is industrious, prosperous, and happy, if somewhat fine drawn, and naturally exhausted with such severe and trying labour as is necessary in the rice districts. One of the surest signs of the virility and prosperity of a race is held to be closely allied with

questions of population ; if this be so, then Java is probably the most prosperous country in the world, for without the aid of immigration the native population has risen from 5,000,000 to 30,000,000 in little over seventy years. Having thus trained the people, monopolies, except in a few instances, have been abolished, though a Dutch resident in each district sees that cultivation is not neglected. The question arises, and has been the cause of anxious thought to many of our own rulers, whether the Dutch system might not, with profit to both the sovereign and subject races, be applied to some of the British possessions. In the old-established provinces of India innovations on these lines might not be politic or practical, but in some of the newer acquisitions there seems to be a fair field for experiment. Taking Burma, for instance, here is a country with natural resources and natural advantages equal, or nearly equal, to those of Java, in which the aboriginal Burman is dying out from sheer inertia, his place being filled by the more enterprising Chinaman or Indian. In a few generations the Burman will have ceased to exist, for not only has the number of pure Burmans steadily decreased during the past decade, but Burmese women, themselves energetic and enterprising, refuse to mate with the feckless ne'er-do-wells of their own nation, and prefer the hard-working and pushing Chinaman or the comparatively industrious Indian. Some may say that this is only a case of natural decay, and that the sooner a

weak mortal like the Burman gives place to robuster material so much the better. But having the exact parallel of the Javanese before us, would it not be a greater triumph for civilisation if we were to fight against that decay, and by compelling the men to labour, gradually develop an industrious and prosperous race?—for it must be remembered that but for the Dutch the Javanese, with attributes very similar to those of the Burmese, would long ere this have become practically extinct, instead of showing, as they do, an increase which can be counted by tens of millions.

The English system of governing tropical nationalities has undoubtedly on the whole been successful, but two questions arise in connection with it. The first is, have we, the sovereign nation, reaped any profit thereby? and the second is, have the subject races profited? In hard cash, we have probably nothing to show, but we have in colonial expansion found a magnificent field in which to train the strong and hardy offshoots of the old country as soldiers, statesmen, and merchants. It is this fine flow of sap abroad which keeps the old tree at home so strong and green, and keeps alive in the national veins the dash and enterprise of our forefathers. We have, therefore, our reward, though not in cash. With the subject races, on the other hand, we may perhaps reverse the matter, for they apparently have gained in wealth, peace, and worldly

prosperity, but in national characteristics and national development have either stood still or perhaps even receded. And the reason is not far to seek, for whilst the Dutch in the mere search after riches have, almost accidentally we might say, hit upon a method of national development, we, in a spirit of national antipathy to any form of seeming oppression, have, whilst building up empires, left the characters of the governed to develop themselves as best they may. We have perhaps failed to grasp the fact that the true intellectual standard of the bulk of the Indian people is about on a par with that of our own country a thousand years ago, and thus, instead of laying a true foundation for the future greatness of the people by a systematic discipline of the popular character, we have been prone to jerry-build the structure and introduce a veneer of Western institutions and Western polish, which even to the most superficial observer fail to hide the rickety framework beneath. The best and finest product of our rule in India is the Indian soldier, a man born and bred to a wholesome and benevolent discipline, and privileged to enjoy the close friendship and companionship of one of the best types of the British character, the British officer. On the other hand, possibly few will deny that the worst and most unwholesome growth is to be found where well-meant but misplaced endeavours at education above the moral level of the national character have reared coteries of

mischievous, misguided, and disloyal subjects, whose end may possibly be the gallows, but who on their road do incalculable harm to the weak and impressionable characters around them. The utter and almost ludicrous failure which after fair trial appears to be overwhelming the institution of local self-government, the constitution of municipal committees, and the introduction of elective principles, would seem to point to the fact that neither the country nor the national character is sufficiently advanced for such experiments, and that profiting by the experiences of the Dutch we should look further ahead, and for a century or more aim only at strengthening the foundations by a wholesome and systematic discipline of the people as a whole.

But though the civil administration of the Dutch Indies can show such fine results, it is only possible to mention the military capacity of the Hollanders with something approaching contempt. It will be remembered that though both Java and Sumatra once belonged by right of conquest to the English, and were ceded back by us to Holland at the general peace which closed the Napoleonic wars, yet we still retained Acheen, a small province at the north end of Sumatra, finally exchanging it for a *quid pro quo* on the Gold Coast some twenty-five years ago. The change of masters was apparently fiercely resented by the Achinese, and for five and twenty years they have refused to acknowledge

Dutch sovereignty, and have remained in open insurrection against it. A war which has lasted for a quarter of a century might perhaps in some quarters be looked upon as a huge joke, and no doubt the Government would join in with a sickly smile at its own futile efforts, were not the matter bound up with so important a matter as the paying value of the colony. Without an Achinese war the Netherlands India budget would show a handsome surplus; with it, a bare margin of profit remains, and rumour even says that last year showed a deficit. One would have anticipated that so sensible and practical a people as the Dutch would see the futility of small and half-hearted operations, and that it was necessary once and for all to grasp the problem on a generous scale and have done with the difficulty; what was our surprise therefore to hear that they have decided not to trouble their heads any more about it, but to at once reduce the army and navy, and leave the problem to settle itself. By way of marking this brilliant epoch, a large bronze figure of Victory has been erected at Batavia — which happily the majority of natives think is a statue of Queen Wilhelmina — and the war is officially closed. But apart from the lack of dignity, comparable only with our own attitude after Majuba Hill, the enemy have not been counted with, and thus a nest of pirates and desperadoes is being left undisturbed to prey on peaceful traders. That this danger is real is demonstrated by the fact that so lately as the

month of July, 1897, the British steamer *Pegu*, which trades between Penang and the Sumatra ports, was seized on the high seas by a band of Achinese pirates, who had slipped on board in the guise of peaceful passengers. The captain, Ross by name, and the chief engineer were dining in the saloon at 8 P.M. on July 9th, when four men suddenly entered and attacked them with krises. Being unarmed, they defended themselves as best they could with chairs, but though the chief engineer managed to escape down into the engine room, Captain Ross was killed. One of the helmsmen was meanwhile killed, but the other managed to escape by climbing the chimney. The pirates then attacked the crew and passengers, killing nine and wounding many of them; next they plundered the vessel, and taking amongst other things \$15,000 in cash, made good their escape in two of the ship's boats.

It is natural that in view of this unsettled state of affairs, the British merchants of the Straits Settlements should strongly protest against the feebleness of the Dutch Government, and ask, in the interests of general peace, that the British Crown shall resume sovereignty over a province which from the day of its cession has known no peace. The Achinese openly avow that they are perfectly willing and indeed desirous of coming under the British flag, and there seems therefore no impediment to an international agreement be-

tween ourselves and the Dutch, which will relieve them of a costly and useless inheritance, and serve at once, by the establishment of British sovereignty, to free the trade of these seas from the serious disadvantages under which it now languishes.

CHAPTER XVI

A CHAPTER OF ALL SORTS

How to reach the Philippines — Cost of journey — Routes — Regarding agents — Journeyings in the Malay Archipelago — Washermen and washing at Calcutta, Rangoon, Penang, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Japan, and Java — Ship's tea and coffee — Sea dinners — Screws — Climate.

THIS chapter purports only to be a gleaning up of the remnants, a sort of sack into which all the odd pieces are stowed away so as to leave no literary litter lying about, and will include a few jottings about routes and prices, comparisons of climates, ethics of washing and washermen, and gossip generally.

To reach the Philippine Islands, whether from the east or from the west, from the new world or from the old, it is best under present circumstances to make Hong Kong the first object. Starting from England or the Continent, a through ticket can be obtained either from the P. and O. Company or from the Messageries Maritimes, the former starting from London or from Marseilles, and the lat-

ter from Marseilles only. The price of the return ticket is £120, and the traveller can return either by the way he came or complete the circuit of the world by continuing on across the Pacific Ocean, the American Continent, and the Atlantic Ocean. On the other hand, he can reverse the circuit and, starting from England, travel westward to New York, cross the American Continent either by the Canadian Pacific route or the American route, and making either Vancouver or San Francisco the port of embarkation, reach Hong Kong either via Yokohama and Shanghai, or via Honolulu. The traveller from India to the Philippines has also two routes open to him, the first from Bombay via Ceylon and Singapore, and the second from Calcutta via Singapore, aiming in both cases at Hong Kong for his advanced base. A return ticket from Calcutta to Hong Kong is about Rs. 550, and from Bombay a couple of hundred rupees higher. Both the P. and O. Company and the Messageries Maritimes ply from Bombay to Hong Kong, whilst from Calcutta the only direct lines are those of Messrs. Apar and Messrs. Jardine, whose ships are commonly known as the "Opium boats." It is also possible to drop down by the British India line from Calcutta to Singapore, and there catch either the P. and O. or Messageries through mails. Hong Kong stands about as nearly as possible at the antipodes of England; the voyage therefore either by the eastern or western routes

occupies about the same time, that is, about thirty days of actual travelling. The journey from Calcutta or Bombay to Hong Kong occupies about seventeen days, including unavoidable delays at intermediate ports.

Some people, when they want to be sad, eat prawn curry for supper, but in India the same purpose is served by having any dealings with the class of firms who call themselves "army, &c., agents." I intend writing a book about them some day, and shall devote a chapter to each, in the hopes that each and all will sue me for libel, and thereby offer themselves up willing sacrifices on the altar of criminal notoriety. With this prelude it is hardly necessary to say that I am going to advise the traveller to have nothing whatever to do with agencies of any description, but to deal direct with the shipping and railway companies concerned. It is a popular notion that employing an agent saves a lot of trouble, and some fond souls even think that a reduction in fares is secured. No notion could be more mistaken, for even if the agent does not actually make a charge to the passengers, as well as to the company, for his services as a tout, it will be found that in a journey round the world, for instance, a considerable saving could have been effected if, instead of the through ticket supplied by the agent, the traveller had taken his tickets from port to port, dealing directly with the various companies. Again, as to comfort, the traveller who deals

direct with the company can make his own terms, and can see that he gets what he wants, and in default can transfer his patronage to a rival company; but the agent's catspaw is bound hand and foot to his agent's coupons, and no one cares a straw for his comfort. Finally, by employing an agent, as we have seen to his own damnation, the passenger does the company an injury, for on every such passage taken the company has to pay the agent a percentage on the passage money received. It may, on the other hand, be said that agents must live somehow. There I quite disagree; I think they ought to die anyhow.

Having thus reached Hong Kong without employing an agent, it is necessary to wait there till a ship sails for Manila. There is at present no regular line, though the Americans are sure shortly to start one, and the mails are now carried across by any ship which happens to be going. A week rarely passes without a chance of securing a passage occurring, and sometimes two or three vessels sail in one week. The passage across to Manila lasts sixty hours, and costs sixty dollars (Mex.). Owing to the recent troubles communication with the southern islands of the group has become somewhat precarious, and no regular lines are yet running; but trade will shortly be re-established, and the possibility of touring for business or pleasure will be open to the public. If information in advance is required, it would be wise to write to Messrs. MacLeod and Co., of Manila, who

are always in a position to give the most reliable shipping information in connection with the southern islands.

So much for the Philippines, and as for the rest of the Malay Archipelago, including Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas, Flores, Timore, Java, Sumatra, and a dozen other beautiful and interesting islands, the would-be traveller cannot do better than secure the handbook of the Koninklijke Paketvaart-Matsschappij, a Dutch company, whose ships completely quarter these delightful seas. For an Englishman or American making this tour it will be most convenient to make Singapore his base of operations, and from there work out his various round trips. The company's handbook, as well as its guide to the Dutch East Indies, can be obtained either from Messrs. Luzac and Co., of 46, Gt. Russell Street, London, or from Messrs. G. Kolff and Co., Batavia. The only serious fault to be found with this tour, or with the company, is the comparatively high rate of passage money charged. Thus, for the forty-eight hour journey from Singapore to Batavia, the Dutch company charges sixty dollars, whereas, by the first-class ships of the P. and O. or Messageries Maritimes, only eighty dollars are paid for a five or six days' journey from Singapore to Hong Kong; and still more remarkable only 100 dollars are charged by the British India and Indo-China lines from Singapore to Calcutta. This comparison demonstrates that, day for day, and moving at about the

same pace, the charges of the Dutch company are from one quarter to one half as high again as those charged by superior ships for superior accommodation. If the Dutch company, therefore, wishes to push its passenger traffic, as it apparently does, a very sensible reduction in fares is a necessary forerunner. No traveller in these seas should be without Dr. Russel Wallace's book¹ on the Malay Archipelago, a most valuable and exhaustive treatise on the whole subject; and those who include also the Philippines in their journeyings should not fail to secure Mr. John Foreman's book.²

Sufficient attention has not been paid by travellers of all ages to the important point of washermen and washing. With a view to supplying a long-felt want we therefore took particular notice of this noble and useful profession at all ports from Calcutta and Rangoon to the uttermost East. To commence with Calcutta, here may be found the usual type of Indian *dhobi*, who, assisted by a brilliant sun, washes everything, including our most cherished pink or blue shirts, as white as snow. The little pile is perfectly dazzling as it is laid upon the bed, but it will not, unhappily, bear looking into. Under this white and smiling exterior we find ruin and decay, and more especially so as regards collars

¹ *The Malay Archipelago*, by Alfred Russel Wallace. Macmillan and Co.

² *The Philippine Islands*, by John Foreman, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

and cuffs. Any rightly constituted Indian dhobi will at one washing make the edge of a collar or cuff to represent faithfully a piece of starched old point lace. This in itself is no mean accomplishment, but further, by some occult science known only to himself, he manages to roll up in ridges and waves a hidden texture which lies between the upper and lower surfaces of one's best shirt fronts, and irons these waves so firmly into position that no amount of subsequent washing or ironing will ever remove them. In articles like merino underclothing, socks, and pocket-handkerchiefs, may be found short sharp cuts, which give the impression that these articles have been secretly stabbed with a penknife, though as a matter of fact it has been fairly clearly proved that the cuts only result from dashing the clothes on a ribbed board or on a rock. The origin of this form of cleansing clothes is perhaps not generally known. In prehistoric times, when people only sent their clothes to the wash once a year or so, they arrived at the dhobi's washing place so full of animal life as to be impervious to the effects of soap and water; the only possible device which then remained was to murder the denizens by dashing their heads against rocks and other hard substances. The Hindu is nothing if not conservative, and though there are now no animals to kill, and he gets fined and kicked for hammering about his master's clothes, he would sooner die or turn Mohammedan than relinquish the good old custom. He charges

Rs. 5 per hundred pieces of washing, each article, whether a dress or a pocket-handkerchief, counting as one piece. As we sail down the Straits we still come across the Indian dhobi, though of the Madras species; but transplantation has served in a great measure to break through his old traditions, he has now no caste to speak of, and washes more like a Christian. Regeneration commences at Rangoon, grows in grace at Penang, and approaches redemption at Singapore. The Singapore dhobi only missed an earthly crown, and immortality in these pages, by placing my last remaining pink shirt next a blue blouse, from which the colour ran, and made it look like a variegated sweetmeat. His charge is an advance on Indian prices, being at the rate of \$5 per hundred pieces.

Running further east we come to Hong Kong and the Chinese washerman. John Chinaman is an excellent fellow, but in too much of a hurry to make his fortune; he therefore uses lots of water, which costs nothing, very little soap, which costs something, and no starch at all, because that is expensive. To all who have had to face society in a hot, damp climate, the vital importance of extremely stiff collars, cuffs, and shirt fronts is well known; the Chinese washerman therefore sells one to the demon of despair and concertina collars when he exercises his thrift in the matter of starch. Otherwise he is quick, clean, and punctual, and charges \$4 per hundred for his work. In the

Philippines the washerman is distinctly good; he himself wears a shirt elaborately plaited and ironed in front, and has a kindred feeling for his employer; he, however, like all the world, has his faults, which in his case consist of treating starch as a god, and bestowing its blessings on all alike; on one's pocket-handkerchiefs, on the tail of one's shirts, and on one's pyjamas. Now no self-respecting person can on a hot night sleep in corrugated iron pyjamas, nor on a cold one blow his nose on tin sheeting; the Philippine washerman has therefore something still to learn. The Japanese washerman may pass without remark; he is neither good, bad, nor indifferent, but a combination of all three. It remains only in this series to mention the artist of Java; and here it is necessary to pause that one may find sufficiently expressive adjectives to sum up the situation. My own vocabulary does not contain them, but let us solemnly warn every one to avoid if possible having any clothes whatever washed in Java, it being far more economical to buy new things as one wants them, and to have a jubilee washing when one gets back to Singapore. Previous writers have condemned the Javanese washerman, but each new traveller insists on buying his own experience, and ours cost us nearly our complete wardrobes. Slight errors of skill and judgment can be met with equanimity, but a hole as big as a boy's fist burnt through a shirt front requires a good deal of explanation; and when in addition all one's collars

are dyed permanently blue, everything that it is possible to shrink is shrunk to small boy's size, and everything that it is possible to fray is frayed, then it is perfectly legitimate to add the Javanese washerman to that long list of persons whom we solemnly curse in church on Ash Wednesday.

Probably no man and certainly no woman has ever sailed the seas without accumulating a series of grievances against ship's tea and ship's coffee. Now as every one knows, next to soldiering the easiest profession in the world is the profession of making tea or coffee. Yet no seafaring man, black or white, can make either, and his attempts are perfectly deplorable. At one time I thought that the sea air or sea water was to blame, till one day a lady using ship's tea and ship's water in her own teapot produced an excellent cup of tea. Possibly, however, seafaring men have different views as to what is excellent in tea and coffee, and of set purpose make the nauseous compounds they serve up to landsmen and women. But however well tea or coffee is made, it sinks back to the level of bilge water if condensed milk is used; for, as is well known, condensed milk is made of sugar and kopra, that is, cocoa-nut chips, and is warranted to ruin the best efforts of the best tea maker. A seafaring man, however, always uses it in preference. It seems a curious thing that whilst magnificent passenger ships are built on which the table kept is most lavish and excellent, yet this

small but most important matter is invariably neglected. If a new line were to be started with the sole recommendation that it supplied good tea and coffee, it is morally certain that that line would immediately beggar every other rival line. Until the shipping ring in this respect is broken, I would recommend every man, woman, and child to take their own teapot on board, and insist on making their own tea; the stewards would then all strike, and the ring would be broken. Meanwhile, after making your own tea, instead of using condensed milk, let me recommend the addition of a slice of lemon on the Russian plan. Another grievance all rightly constituted minds have against sea customs is that of having dinner at an hour unheard of on land. Probably Sir Thomas Sutherland and other magnates in the shipping world themselves habitually dine at 8 o'clock, or at 8.30, and certainly not earlier than 7.30; why then do they condemn us poor passengers, who are after all human, if not shipowners, to dine at 5.30 or 6 P.M.? The habits of a lifetime cannot easily be cast off, and to a man accustomed for forty years to dine at 8 P.M., it comes as a severe shock to the system to be required to dine at 5.30 P.M. No attention having hitherto been paid to the humble petition of thousands, it seems that the time has now arrived for taking Parliamentary action, and the first step might be the passing of a law compelling all shipowners and directors of shipping companies them-

selves to dine at 5 P.M. until reform is promised. But inasmuch as it is not only the actual tyranny of an enforced dinner at this hour which is gall and wormwood to the passenger, but also that he has in addition every evening to face the appalling problem of how to pass five and a half hours till bedtime, it should further be enacted that any director or shipowner found at a theatre or otherwise indulging in amusements which his victims are out of reach of, shall as a penalty be sent for a long voyage on one of his own ships.

I have often consulted seafaring men of all degrees of experience on the subject of screws, but curiously enough none of them have been able to afford any satisfactory explanation. Why, for instance, on one ship, travelling only at nine knots an hour, is one bumped and thumped and humped about by the screw, whilst in another ship, travelling at fourteen knots, one is not more jolted than in a New York cab? Again, why in one ship the peculiar joggling is latitudinal, in another longitudinal, and in a third volcanic, all the ships being of the same age, travelling at the same rate, and engined by the same firm? Some months ago we saw in one of the magazines pictures of a boat called the *Turbinia*, which travels at the rate of forty miles an hour, and in which there is no vibration whatever. Certainly victims of the sea should never rest till all passenger ships are fitted with turbines giving this excellent result.

The question of climate is a curiously complicated one, in so far as the Malay Archipelago and its vicinities are concerned; it even defeated an American lady who was travelling round the world trying to catch the best season everywhere. Thus the dry season in the Philippine Islands commences in December, whereas in the neighbouring island of Java the wet season commences in that month; we leave Hong Kong bright and cool and find Singapore enveloped in hopeless mist and rain. The task therefore of fitting in the best season everywhere would take at least a year; but for the benefit of those who can afford the time it may be mentioned that December and January are the best months in Hong Kong, the Philippines, Tonkin, Saigon, and Siam, and May, June, and July in Singapore, Java, Borneo, and islands south of them. In India and Burma also the best months are December and January. But even in this arrangement complications by sea arise, for November and December are the season of typhoons in the China seas, and from May to October is the season of heavy storms in the Indian Ocean and of cyclones in the bay of Bengal.

Arma something-or-other silent leges, which being literally translated means when the pilot comes on board the traveller's yarn must end. Ours is on board, and therefore it only remains to take off our hat and to trust that both the literary

beefeaters and also those who prefer the light pastry of conversational narrative will perchance have found something to their liking in our trip together to "The Philippines and Round About."

THE END

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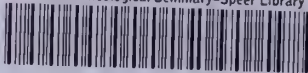
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